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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

S. K. L. AND G. E. E., EDITORS PRO TEM. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1843. VOL. XXII.—NO 35

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

THE ARTIST AND THE INFANT.

BY MRS. C. A. CHAMBERLAIN.

It sleeps in beauty with its azure eye,
So lightly neath its blue-veined curtain prest—
Its waxen hands demurely folded, lie
Above the beatings of its little breast.

And oft its cheek seems stired by some sweet dream,
As o'er its snow a fresher col'ring glows;
Its lips are parted and a heavenly gleam
Steals o'er its face, like sunbeams o'er the rose.

And o'er its rest, all mutely hushed and low,
A fair young boy his patient watch doth keep—
With dreaming eye and earnest love-lit brow,
While thoughts like these o'er his young spirit sweep.

Oh! could I dip my pencil in the rays,
Whose golden shower so softly bathes the vine;
I'd strive to paint the cherub smile which plays
O'er lips alone—whose innocence is thine!

Or could I, for a moment, make my own
The cloud, which like a rose-wreath gently lies
On eve's fair brow, ah! then ere sleep has flown,
Thy cheek's soft hues I'd trace in heavenly dyes!

Ah! little dreamed he of the embrio power
To be awakened by the touch of love—
Which slumber'd on—as sleeps the folded flower,
Till warm, bright beams fall o'er it from above.

His task is o'er! The wonder stricken boy
Again, and yet again his work surveys;
His light form trembles with the thrill of joy,
Which through his soul-lit eye in rapture plays.

Perchance some wand'ring angel lingered o'er,
And to the scene a grateful tear had giv'n—
As far away to other spheres he bore
Its shining record, to live on in Heaven!

Oxford, Ohio.

For the Register and Observer.

NIGHT.

When night extends o'er earth and sky,
Her pall of dusky hue,
My soul on wings of rapture fly
Up to yon vault of blue;
Yon dazzling vault, all studded o'er
With stars, like angels' eyes,
That silent in refulgence pour,
Their glories from the skies.

And while on those bright orbs I gaze,
My soul expanding, meets
The lustre of those countless rays,
My glowing fancy greets,
As hopes from mercy's seat above,
All warm, refreshing, pure
From fountains of eternal love,
From sin my heart to lure.

And angel thoughts, and angels' calm,
Steal softly o'er my heart,
As 'Hermon's dews' or 'Gilead's balm'
Their soothing powers impart;
They seem in silver tones to call,
Upward my thoughts to Thee
Great God, my stay, my all,
In holy exstacy.

And rays of clear celestial light,
O'er my rapt senses pour;
Till lost in visions of delight,
I worship and adore:
And holier streams in distance far,
Careering through all space,
The beautiful, the radiant star,
Of hope, and faith, and grace.

August 9th, 1843. ANNA.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

WILL ALL MEN BE FINALLY AND FOREVER HAPPY? NO. II.

Messrs Editors,—Having in my last reply, considered the argument of your correspondent, S. F., as to the want of proof in the *Old* Testament in favor of this all interesting question; in this, I will examine it as to the *New*.

First, he inquires *if such passages of the New Testament as the following*, 'God sent not his son into the world to condemn it, but that the world through him might be saved.' 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.' 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' 'As we have borne the image of the earthly Adam, so shall we bear the image of the heavenly.' 'God is the savior of all men, especially of those who believe,' *teach the doctrine of the final happiness of all mankind?*

To this inquiry he replies virtually in the negative, by saying, 'the salvation of God is general, but not strictly individual.' This position he professes to sustain by that most excellent rule of Scripture interpretation, viz., 'to explain Scripture by Scripture.' Words and phrases whose import is not determined from the context, are to be explained by the same words and phrases where the context does determine it. This rule I admit; but not his inference from it; that the salvation of God taught in the above quoted texts is only *general not personal*. This inference he endeavors farther to strengthen, by the fact that the term, all men, does not in the Bible always signify the whole human race, but *many, multitude*, that 'universal expressions, both in the positive and negative form, are not to be accepted in their strict, literal sense.' Not always limited; but only sometimes, when, and only when, some word in the context, or some circumstance necessarily limits them. Not otherwise; for all universal expressions, in scripture or other writings, are to be taken as having their full and literal meaning, if the context does not forbid their being so accepted. Neither the rule of interpretation, nor the fact that certain words und phrases in scripture *may* be understood in a limited and figurative sense, adverted to by 'S. F.', can therefore prove that the words and phrases of the passages quoted in the above list, are all to be understood as limited; and that hence they fail to assert the doctrine of final, universal happiness for man. He alleges farther that 'Scripture language is commonly loose, general, indefinite,' for this reason, viz., that 'the age of philosophical definiteness, either in thought or expression, had not then come.' These are indeed high pretensions in favor of modern philosophy, to clearness of thought and precision of expression, in our modern teachers; perhaps he refers to those who have attempted to define the true *ideas of inspiration, prophecy, miracle, pardon; church, gospel, ministry, how the infinite can be found in the finite, by going down into its deep waters; how the paramount law of God, releases us from obligations of obedience to those of human government.* Now however much I respect true philosophy, I cannot regard it as being above revelation. And I confess my 'bump of reverence' is rather disturbed at the mere insinuation that the holy prophets, the Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles, 'darkened counsel by words without knowledge,' without definiteness of thought or expression. Let us apply 'S. F.'s mode of understanding scripture language; i. e. as being loose and general—to the following terms of his own using—'With God there is *no* respect of persons;' i. e. there is none generally; 'no partiality;' i. e., not commonly, or to people generally. 'God brings his salvation near to men;' i. e., not in 'the past,' but in present and future; not *to all men*, but to *many men*—'he places it within their reach,' i. e., generally but not individually. So he, himself, understands it; for he says 'the fact is general, but not strictly individual.' Similar remarks apply to all terms of obligation and duty. More are required to be just, i.e., generally, but not individually; and so of all other duties.

I regret that my worthy and learned brother should have fallen into so great and hurtful an error, on the subject of biblical language; one that throws an impenetrable veil of darkness over the destiny of man; a dark shade over the Divine perfections; one that, were it to prevail, would spread such confusion in our moral and social state. All this, in my opinion, the error is calculated to effect; but doubtless, not in his. To me, the language of scripture appears as simple, clear and definite, as that of any other book; and to be subject to the same rules of interpretation. With these few hints, which have been offered with no feelings but those of kindness, and no motives but those of rendering a very humble service that best of all causes, the right understanding of the sacred writings, I pass to the consideration of those passages above referred to as proofs that *all men will be finally and forever happy.* And I thank 'S. F.' for saying frankly, that they are not sufficient to sustain that point of doctrine, and giving his reasons for that opinion; as it has afforded me not only opportunity of reply but invites to a defence of them as competent and conclusive.

The first passage is that distinguished one, found in the 3d chapter of St. John, 17th verse: 'God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.' Of this salvation, God is the author, and Christ the agent for its accomplishment. Our Lord opens this subject by a reference to that wonderful act of Divine favor to his chosen people, the rearing up of the brazen serpent in the wilderness, to cure the deadly bite of the fiery serpents, by his servant Moses, and says he had come down from heaven—not the gospel dispensation—that he might teach heavenly things, regenerate the souls of men, and give unto them 'eternal life,' not temporal, as Moses did; for which purpose he must be lifted up on the cross, on the banner of the gospel, and on high, at the right hand of the Father in heaven. For whom was he about to do or suffer all this? Not for Israel only as the brazen serpent was lifted up, but for the world. What is meant by *world* as here employed? Not the physical world which 'God made,' Acts 17: 24, for the subject of conversation is men, not material things. It therefore means the human world, or the human race. But does it mean the entire world, or a multitude? Is it used here loosely, so that we cannot tell which? How are we to decide this? By the context and other scriptures. Well what does the context teach? It teaches us that this is the world that God loves—'God so loved the world.' Will any man attempt to show that God does not love the entire race of men? This same author in his 1 Epistle, 2: 2, tells us that 'Christ is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of *the whole world.*' And St. Paul informs us that 'to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.' Rom., 14: 9. And do not the 'dead and living,' comprehend the entire world, or race of mankind? Then, that is the world, which God so loved as to give his only begotten Son for its salvation.

In what does this salvation consist? I answer from the context, a new birth, exemption from perishing, and the possession of eternal life, or being saved from sin, and made finally and forever happy in heaven. This is the object of God's love, and it is the purpose for which he sent his Son into the world. Will Christ accomplish this blessed purpose of God, an object of his mission? To this inquiry, which is of the very highest importance to each of us, Christ replies, 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me;' i. e., I will draw as with cords of a man, all men to be on my side or party, to love and follow me. Men will be drawn to Christ, not by physical but moral force, the power of grace and truth, from a desire to escape perishing, and obtain glory. If men come to Christ, they must come individually, not collectively, for our Lord says, Mat. 16: 24, 'If *any* man, (any *one* man) will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me;' i. e., he must love me more than all others, and confess me before men. Will *all men, every man for himself, individually*, ever do all this? St. Paul replies, 'Every knee shall bow to him (Christ) of things in heaven, things in earth, and things (men) under the earth;' for he has been exalted, *lifted up*, 'and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Phil. 2: 10, 11. 'Every man in heaven, every man in the earth, and every man under the earth, each one in these three places or states shall, for himself, bow to Christ, and confess him Lord and Savior of the dead and living, to the glory of God. This is the testimony of the apostle, in as definite terms as can be conceived of; that the world, whom God loved and sent his Son to save, is the entire, whole race of Adam, in all times and places. This whole race of men, is the *all men* for whom Christ was *lifted up*, and whom he would draw to himself as the willing subjects of his kingdom, to make them *finally and forever happy.* Will it do here to insist that the terms, world, and all men, are in these passages, used in a loose, indefinite sense, for *multitude* many, as S. F. claims? Whoever does so, should be able to prove that God loves men only generally, not personally; as we may love the city of Paris or of London, for their commercial benefits, without knowing or caring for a single individual there. Again, will it do to say that the view I have taken of the subject, is both desirable and glorious, but yet impossible? For God has made man free, and therefore it cannot be asserted that all will yield to the terms of salvation, without a violation of the law of human freedom, which is impossible; for God cannot possibly change or suspend a single law of the physical or moral world! Well, suppose the law of man's freedom is inviolable, what then? Is man's agency necessarily violated by the *certainty* of his salvation? Certainly not. The common universal law of gravity was not violated when, by the superior power of the law of attraction, the coffin of Mohammed was drawn up to the top of the ceiling in his temple of worship—it was only overcome—not for a moment suspended or debared the exercise of its full power. So may the moral law of man's freedom be overcome by the superior influence of the law of God's infinitely greater freedom, without suspension or violation. Thus there is no implied impossibility in the case; and far away be the very thought that the doctrine of final and universal happiness for man 'is too good to be true,' or too benevolent to be *possible.*

The remainder of our Correspondent's communication will be found on our second page.

For the Register and Observer.

EPISCOPALIAN CHURCH.

One might conclude, from representations which sometimes appear, that the doctrine of this Church is the most peculiar and exquisitely excellent of all earthly productions. It was, if I am not mistaken Dr. Mant or Dr. Lawrence, who, some thirty years ago, in a course of Bampton Lectures, asserted and proved, as he thought, that the doctrine of the Church of England was not Calvinistic. Improving upon this hint, Bishop M'Ilvaine, of Ohio, in a late address to the clergy of his diocese, has further asserted and proved that the doctrine of the Episcopal Church is neither Calvinistic, nor Catholic, nor Arminian, nor Pelagian, nor Arian, nor Unitarian, nor Universalian, nor any other thing human and fallible. And this representation reminds us of what we once heard advanced by the late Reverend, venerable and much beloved Bishop Griswold, in a sermon expounding and defending the doctrine of his Church. Having successfully taken up, and disposed of many positions, he at length came to those of total depravity and the Trinity. On these he seemed, for a while, to be somewhat embarrassed, but soon recovered himself, and dismissed the points with the summary remark: 'On these points our Church teaches just what the Scriptures teach; nothing less, nothing more, nothing other.'

What, then, is a just account and description of the doctrine of the Episcopal Church? We venture to say, that it is a mere *patch-work*, containing no original elements, but a compound of them; an example of eclecticism on the principle of compromise. It was the obvious design of the framers of the doctrinal articles to produce a creed which might be subscribed by men who entertained different opinions. And hence the fact, that for these three hundred years, the Episcopal Church has contained members and ministers of many hostile opinions; not merely high churchmen, and low church-men, but Trinitarians and Arians, Calvinists and Arminians, Universalists and Partialists, Revivalists and Neologians, Protestants and Catholics. The bond of union has been *subscription.* They have all subscribed the formularies of the Church. This has constituted them members of the same communion.

We do not say this, however, in disparagement. On the contrary, it is the greatest excellence of the Episcopal Church. If Christians must have and use a creed of human composition and authority, it ought to be a liberal one. It is only on a *form of words* that an outward organization can be founded. And this form of words should be so general as to admit all professed Christians. It was the dying command and prayer of the Lord Jesus that all who should believe in Him, should love one another and be of one communion. He described those for whom He prayed as *believers in Him.* The description includes all who profess faith in Christianity. There is but one Christian faith. They who profess it are visible Christians. Of these the true Catholic Church is composed. Individuals may interpret this faith for themselves, but not for others. They cannot pretend to do it without assuming infallibility. There can be no propriety in demanding assent to *any creed but an infallible one* as a condition of Christian fellowship. If the Church of Rome be an infallible interpreter of Christianity, she is consistent in demanding consent to her interpretation. But if she cannot prove her infallibility, her claim cannot be urged. She, therefore, has no right to prescribe any fundamental except precisely that given by the Head, Himself, of the Church. And if the papal Church has no right to propose a fundamental as conditional to Christian fellowship, what Church on earth does possess such a right? The Episcopal Church undertakes to do this, though, we believe, she does not claim infallibility. But there is no consistency in this thing. And yet the Episcopal church has not done so ill in this thing as most other churches. For she has been more liberal. To some considerable extent, she has allowed to her members the right of interpreting Christianity for themselves. She has so far permitted the gospel to be the royal law, 'the law of liberty.' Yet she has never been thorough going. She has assumed and exercised the prerogative to interpret Christianity for others. She has thus, herself, been the author of schism. And if she shall, as she now threatens, exclude the catholic party from her communion, she must act on the assumed principle of infallibility. For unless she be infallible, there can be no propriety nor justice in excluding any professed believer in Christ, except for moral delinquency. She has always been a proud church. The sources of her pride have been her exorbitant wealth; the favoritism of government, her many learned and good men, but especially her fallacious claims to apostolical succession and authority. They have not, perhaps, fallen behind the Jews of the apostle Paul's time in boasting and glorying, and relying upon what they accounted *privilege*: 'The temple of the Lord; the temple of the Lord; the temple of the Lord are we.'

The claims of the Episcopal church should—and must eventually—be tried by the New Testament. So far as her principles and character are truly evangelical, she will endure. So far as simple Christianity is her fundamental, and that charity which is neither proud nor selfish, but meek and benevolent, animates her bosom, she will approve herself as the spouse of Christ. But arrogance and exclusiveness will not finally exalt her. 'He that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he acts righteously.' He is a Jew [a Christian also] who is one inwardly, and circumcision, [or baptism] is that of the heart, in the spirit, not in the letter, whose acceptance is of God, not of man only who often fails to make a righteous judgment.

It is often said that the papal church must fall, for she is the antichrist and the harlot of the Apocalypse. Also that the Episcopal church must be demolished, for she is the image of the papal beast, and the daughter of the lewd woman: And that the Protestant churches must also go into perdition for they uphold tyrannical governments, war, slavery, and oppression. But we much doubt the entire truth of all this proscription. We believe that the papal church, notwithstanding the profusion of tares, contains also the good seed that was sown by the Son of Man. And we believe the same thing of the Episcopal church, and of the Greek church and of all the Protestant churches. Let them return to their first love, to pure, simple Christianity, to the obedience of the 'new commandment,' to love one another, just as the law of God commands all men to love all other men. They will then be true Christian churches, built on the indestructible foundation, Jesus Christ Himself, the chief corner stone, in whom all the building fitly framed, groweth into an holy temple in the Lord. We believe that the church of Christ is to become a glorious church without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, not by a process of prostration, overthrow and demolition, but by casting away her idols and purifying herself from her various iniquities. 'Then Jacob said unto his household, Put away the strange gods that are among you and be clean and change your garments; And let us arise and go up to Bethel and I will there make an altar unto God, who answered me in the day of distress, and was with me in the way in which I went.' Gen. xxxv, 2, 3.

S. F.

For the Register and Observer.

WHAT IS PUSEYISM?

I have frequently been asked, lately, what is Puseyism? or what are the peculiar tenets of Dr. Pusey and his followers? It is a return, in some measure, to popery. It is an argument, in some respects, with the Roman Catholics, and a disagreement with the more liberal Episcopalians as to the divine right of Bishops, their direct succession to the inspired apostles, the right of the church, or rather of the Bishops, to decide on articles of faith, and what are the true doctrines of the gospel, and also to ordain all rites, ceremonies and forms of worship to be used in the church; and that they who do not conform to these opinions and forms are schismatics and heretics. It is much the same dispute which existed, in the time of Henry VIII, soon after the reformation began in England, and the protestants arose, and was continued in time of Edward VI, Mary, Elizabeth, James, and the Charles.'

The controling authority of the Bishop or Pope of Rome, was impugned by Henry, and most of the clergy in England joined him in renouncing all allegiance to this haughty Pontiff. It appears that the great object was to gain power rather than to have a pure, scriptural system of faith, worship and discipline. Some of the clergy in the time of Edward and Elizabeth, were in favor of retaining most of the rites and ceremonies of the Romish church, and contended that the civil authority with the Bishops had a right to ordain the form of discipline and government in the church, to decide as to the rites of religious worship to be observed: While others believed it proper to conform entirely to Scripture authority and example, and opposed the continuance of the Romish rites and canons, as the commands of fallible men. The latter were called Puritans in the time of Elizabeth. A bare majority, at one very important convocation, decided for retaining the popish ceremonies and forms. But the Queen and her courtiers, with most of the Bishops were triumphant, and thus Episcopacy was established with all the power of the Pope and Cardinals. It was little more than a nominal reformation.

A portion of the Clergy of the Church of England, with some of the Bishops, have been more liberal in their views, not admitting the divine right of the higher dignitaries in the church to dictate and decide, but abiding by Scripture authority and commands. From this period, the dissenters from the Church of England, established by law, which is Episcopalian, have been increasing, and are now, and have been sometime very numerous, Congregationalists, or Independents, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians and Quakers; and occasionally have made efforts to curtail the power of the established church; and to be on a level with it in all respects. This has doomed the high church-men, or the advocates for superior church privileges and authority; and some of them have appeared before the public, contending for an entire right in the church to govern all its members, by orders, canons and directions, and to excommunicate all who do not obey and conform. Dr. Pusey is at the head of this SECT, which appears disposed to keep on good terms with Roman Catholics rather than with Protestants.

B.

The power of nature is only the power of using, to any certain purpose, the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies.

BENEFICIAL TENDENCY OF UNITARIANISM.

We gave recently some extracts from Dr. Carpenter on the Beneficial Tendency of Unitarianism, to which we now add the following passage on the same subject.

'I do not see how it is possible to hold the doctrines of Unitarianism, and yet maintain that the favor of God and eternal salvation are confined to the narrow limits of sect and party. True it is, we are taught (Acts iv. 12) that there is 'no other name under heaven *given* among men, by which we must be saved,'—that God has seen fit to propose no other terms of salvation to mankind, than those of the Gospel, and to appoint no other Mediator to convey the blessings of the New Covenant; and therefore that no one can possess those inestimable blessings *on the secure ground of* DIVINE PROMISE, but through faith in Christ. But the Unitarian rejoices in the conviction that, in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness will be accepted by him (Acts x. 35); and that He who hath appointed to men the bounds of their habitation, and given them their various talents, will accept them according to what they have, and not according to what they have not. If the untaught Heathen, or the deluded Mahommedan, to whom the light of the Gospel has never been offered,—or even the prejudiced Jew, or the misguided Deist, who, through errors of the understanding and not those of the heart, do not receive that light, though they live surrounded by its rays,—if these, according to the light they do possess, faithfully obey the dictates of conscience, serving and loving the Deity as known to them, I cannot doubt that He, who is the Common Parent of all, will grant them *here* increasing light in the way of duty, and some portion of those present rewards which He has graciously connected with well-doing; and that in the future world He will make them partakers of blessings of which millions of them have never heard, and unite them under him who must reign till all enemies are put under his feet.

Too highly prizing the inestimable privileges, the sanctifying principles, the gracious hopes, the strengthening healing consolations of the Gospel, to feel otherwise than an earnest desire that they may be diffused to all who share the gift of reason,—feeling it his duty, (the debt of gratitude which he owes to the Author of all good, and to the Friend and Benefactor who shed his blood to communicate, assure, and extend, the blessings which he himself possesses, and the debt of love which he owes to all his brethren of mankind,) to contribute his efforts to the arrival of that period, when the name of God shall be universally hallowed, and His will done on earth as it is done in heaven, when all shall know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent,—and rejoicing in all that is wisely done by others to promote the glory of God,—the Unitarian has more honorable notions of the God of Love, than to imagine that He will make hundreds and thousands of millions miserable forever, solely because they do not receive him as their Savior, whose name they have never heard. And yet, if this be not so, then the doctrines of modern orthodoxy are not true. And if these be true, one would willingly close one's eyes to this gloomy heart-rending consequence, till a period when it might appear, that the devouring flames and the blasting lightnings of divine wrath, even when they involve in never-ending misery innumerable creatures of his power, are only the bright beamings of his glory.

It has often appeared to me, that if Unitarianism did no more than annihilate the dreadful tenet, that all must be plunged into eternal and irremediable anguish, who do not possess faith in Christ, and even particular forms of that faith, it would have been worthy of all acceptation.

But the worst influences of this tenet on the Christian character, are seen in the more limited relations and connexions of life. It is the parent of uncharitableness, and the foster-mother of persecution. To view ourselves as the exclusive objects of the divine favor, and all who do not entertain our views of Christian faith as the objects of God's wrath and indignation, is not only injurious to His character, but has the direct tendency to generate spiritual pride, and to check the best affections of the heart towards those who differ from us. To account those our enemies who are, as we think, the enemies of God, is no part of *Christianity*; and those doctrines which lead to this estimation, lose the grand characteristic of the Gospel, while they destroy its delightful features as proceeding from the Father and Lord of all.

I rejoice in the belief, that multitudes of those who now, through the influence of human creeds, consign the Unitarian to eternal perdition, will hereafter stretch to him the right hand of Christian friendship, if he have the happiness to join them where, not for their *unchristian errors*, but for their *Christian obedience*, I doubt not they will gain admission. But the unhappy notion which they have of exclusive salvation, makes them here look upon him with unkind suspicion as to his motives and his conduct, prevents them from listening to his reasons, and induces them to place a barrier (too often insuperable) against the admission of the simple truths of the Gospel, by those who are under their influence.

An eminent Christian Philosopher, lately deceased, (who, in his life and when going down the dark valley of death, showed the genuine influence and value of his Unitarian principles,) informs us, that when a most excellent and dutiful son, from conscientious motives, in opposition to his interests, renounced the religious system in which he had been educated, for another which he deemed more consonant to truth, his pious mother told him, that she found it to be her duty, however severe the struggle, to alienate her affections from him, now that he had rendered himself an enemy to God by embracing such erroneous sentiments; and she succeeded in this sacrifice of nature's feelings, and scrupulously performed what she believed her duty, to the end of her days. Would not the heart of this good woman have been almost overwhelmed with delight, if she could have seen that we become enemies to God only by wicked works; and that, at the last great day, the inquiry will not be, What have you believed? but, Have you improved your talents? have you lived a sober, righteous, and godly life? have you done justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with your God? have you lived as in his sight, followed the example of your Lord, and kept yourself unspotted from the world?

The Unitarian sees that error on religious subjects must be injurious: that if its influence is prevented in the hearts of some, it will be injurious, directly or indirectly, to others: He is satisfied that truth connected with the character and dealings of God must do good; and that it is his duty to do what in him lies to diffuse it. He believes that he is thereby offering an acceptable service to the God of truth; imitating the example of him who came to bear witness to the truth; and contributing to glorify God in all things by Christ Jesus. But God forbid that he should ever suppose that piety and other Christian graces are confined to any religious denomination; or imagine himself better than another, because his views of Christian truth are more pure.

Unitarianism does a vast service to the cause of Christian charity, by levelling those narrow fences within which modern Orthodoxy confines all that is truly good and excellent. It thus disposes us to give the right hand of fellowship to all whose dispositions and conduct show that they have sat at the feet of Jesus. It destroys all those narrowing views which so often interfere with the great objects of benevolence; and it disposes to co-operate with all who have them in view, and to think well of them, when they separate from us and we from them, to promote respectively our more limited opinions.

By the man who has drunk deeply in the spirit of that Savior who loved all mankind without distinction of name or country,—who has imbibed the principles of that religion which teaches us that love is the fulfilling of the law (of social duty), that without charity we are but as sounding brass or tinkling cymbals, and that the end of the commandments is charity out of a pure heart and faith unfeigned,—must it not be deemed a recommendation of any set of doctrines, and a presumption in favor of their being Chsistianity itself, that they promote these its grand essential qualities, and clear the way for their full exercise?'

ELIZABETH FRY.

Arnold Buffom, writing from London to the editor of the Cincinnati Philanthropist, relates the following pleasing incidents in regard to this celebrated woman:

'On the 29th of 6th month, by invitation from Elizabeth Fry, the most of the American and French delegates now in London, made her a visit at her most beautiful residence in the country, a few miles from London. She had also invited her sons and daughters, who are married and settled around her, together with their partners and children, amounting in all to about fifty persons, to take tea with us; Sir F. Fowell, Baronet, and his Lady, (who by the way is Elizabeth Fry's sister) were also there; as was also her brother, the distinguished philanthropist, Samuel Gurney, and some of his children, making in all a very respectable tea party, among whom, I must not omit to mention, was our black friend from Connecticut, who met as cordial a reception, and as respectful treatment, as the noble Marquis Rochefoucoult Liancourt, of Paris. After much interesting conversation, we walked over the beautiful grounds of Samuel Gurney, then took tea, then by request of Elizabeth Fry, we sat down in devotional silence, and after a few minutes, she read some passages in the Bible, then spoke of the philanthropic objects which had brought us to London, even to promote "*peace on earth and good will to men.*" She then concluded with a most solemn prayer, in the course of which she returned thanks to God, that he had inspired so many hearts with love, causing them to lay aside all national and sectarian distinctions, and co-operate together in doing those things which must be done, before the coming of that glorious day, when every yoke of bondage shall be broken, and when the nations shall learn war no more; to which she added a most fervent supplication, that the number thus disposed to *labor* in the great work of exterminating the fruitful sources of human misery and woe, might be greatly increased; that the servants of God, of different nations and sects of religion, might become, as it were, blended in one, that peace, harmony and love may cover the whole earth as the waters over the sea.'

IMMIGRATION EXTRAORDINARY.

The New London Advocate announces the arrival at that port, as passengers, in a schooner from St. Mary's, of a negro, his wife, and three children. The facts in relation to their visit to New London, are represented as follows:

'The man (Bob Hull, by name) is about sixty years of age, and a number of years ago, while a slave, was enabled by overwork, to purchase his freedom. He was then the father of one child, now a young man grown. He acquired some property, and afterwards purchased a wife, by whom he has two children. These two children, with his wife and the young man were, by the laws of Georgia, *his slaves.* And by these same Georgia laws, a negro is prohibited from holding slaves, or owning any *movable* property, on penalty of its being seized and sold for the benefit of the State, but he may possess real estate. Not long since, an overseer (an Irishman) on a neighboring plantation, became acquainted with Bob's situation, and resolved to inform the authorities, who would, according to law, seize Bob's 'movable' property, *alias* his wife and children, and sell it for the benefit of the State, one half of the

proceeds going to the informant. A friend of Bob's got an inkling of what was going on, and informed him of the nature of the law, and of the penalty of its infraction, but he contrived to get his wife and children into Florida, though he was himself arrested. But the authorities of Florida refused to have any thing to do with free negroes from other States, although they permitted them to remain there until Bob could get a vessel to bring them off; intending, when he arrived here, to proceed to Ohio. Another reason why he wished to get to a free State was, that in case he should die, his children might inherit his property, which they could not do in Georgia, being liable to be sold, with the rest of *his estate*, to the highest bidder. Before leaving St. Mary's he employed a friend to arrange and dispose of his property, and it is said that he will realize a handsome sum from its sale. He is described as being industrious, active, and intelligent, and about as capable of 'taking care of himself' as most people. He has been induced, we understand, to take up his residence among us.'

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 2, 1843.

We have received the following communication, touching a matter referred to in the Register a few weeks since. We are ignorant of the name, character, occupation or condition of our correspondent. We hope he is not one of those, (of whom it is said there are yet some, even in the Northern States,) who feel so strong a sympathy with the colored race that they are unwilling to leave them quietly in Africa, but engage in covert enterprises to bring them to Cuba and other Christian countries. We readily admit with our correspondent that there are 'two sides' in this matter. The question is, which is the right side? It may have been wrong in 'a Christian minister so far to infringe upon known regulations as to expose himself to the tender mercies of a class not eminent for their refinement.' But are the regulations legally or morally right, because they are known? Railroad Companies continually publish in all their advertisements, 'all baggage at the risk of the owners,' yet courts have again and again decided that this regulation, though published and known, is a nullity, and if a traveller loses his trunk, through the carelessness of the company's agents, the loss must be made good. But again, inquiry was made in this instance, whether these 'known regulations' would be enforced. The full price of four dollars was paid for a passage from New York to Philadelphia, and when inquiry was made as to the seat to which that sum would give him a right, Mr. Campbell was assured 'that he should be as well accommodated as any other gentleman.' In accordance with this assurance, he had a comfortable seat assigned him by the conductor, when the train left Jersey city. After paying this sum for his passage, and receiving this assurance from some of the company's agents, was it right that he should be maltreated and abused as he was by other agents of the same company, on the same road?' It seems to us there can be but little doubt on which side the right is here. Had Mr. Campbell been informed by the agent at the ticket office, that he could not have a four-dollar ticket, and could not be accommodated with a passage in the four-dollar cars, in consequence of the company's 'known regulations,' he would, doubtless, have acquiesced quietly, whatever he might have thought of the propriety of the regulation itself. But after paying the sum he did, after making the inquiries, and receiving the assurances he did, we say, the company's 'known regulations' notwithstanding, that the treatment he received was not right. In a pecuniary aspect, it was a piece of petty and contemptible swindling, and in every other aspect, it was 'a gross and brutal outrage,' against which we repeat 'our indignant remonstrance!'

We are obliged to our correspondent for his caution about the 'tender matters' we admit into our paper, and will give it all the consideration it deserves.

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'Messrs. Editors,—You seem to have endorsed your Providence Correspondent, E. B. H., as well as his friend Campbell, in your last No., and I cannot help feeling a pity for the poor fellow myself, who seems to have been ejected from his 'secluded' corner, without much ceremony. Such is the first impulse, but upon reflection, there would seem to be two sides to the question. Every traveller knows that distinct provision is made for colored passengers, and whilst we are called upon, as Christians, to add our 'indignant remonstrances to such outrages,' it seems difficult to reconcile the fact, that a Christian minister should so far infringe upon known regulations, as to expose himself to the tender mercies of a class not eminent for their refinement, out of their duty, and whose sympathies are not likely to run into the vein contrary to popular opinion. I say when a Christian minister, 'with no other taint upon him but that which God gave him,' which *taint* is the one proscribed in the regulations, and which he has no right to know will not be insisted upon, and thus becomes the immediate cause of disturbance, he forgets the principles upon which he started, the principles upon which he professes to act. This is a fruitful subject, one which I could easily enlarge upon, but I hesitate to absorb your time, and close my remarks with expressing the hope that you will at least be careful how you admit into your columns such *tender* matters, and also that the Rev. gentleman will, after this harsh rebuke upon his presumption, 'go and sin no more.' J. G. B.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1843.

WILL ALL MEN BE FINALLY AND FOREVER HAPPY? NO. II.

[Continued from the first page.]

The above treatment of the two passages, John iii, 17, and John xii, 32, in connection, may serve as a mere specimen of the manner by which it may be shown that the New Testament in numerous places fully and clearly sustains the doctrine in question, and that in perfect consistency with the law and will of God, the nature and design of the mission of Christ, and with the influence and action of Christianity upon the mind, heart and moral condition of men. It may also show the vast importance of searching the Scriptures, considering the context or immediate connection of passages, words and phrases, to learn their true meaning; and also of comparing scripture with scripture, that we may understand them as a whole; to the end that our faith may be established in the word and power of God, and not be unsettled and carried about by popular excitements and the subtileties of crafty men. And now, lest I should occupy too much space in your paper, which is devoted to so many and important subjects, I will pass the three other texts referred to by your correspondent, 'As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. 1 Cor. xv., 22. 'Therefore, as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.' Rom. v, 18. 'God is the Savior of all men, specially of those that believe.' 1 Tim. iv, 10, observing as I pass, that they, each of them, open into fields of the sublimest thought and contemplation, where are seen the vast superiority of the gospel over Judaism and paganism, in that it unites all nations of men in one family, as the descendants of Adam, who led the way to universal sin and death; and also, in that it proposes to unite the same fallen family, as the redeemed of Christ—who has led the way to glory—under one Lord, both of the dead and living; so that wherever sin and death had abounded, there grace and life might much more abound, to the glory of God and his Christ: and the whole family of man be induced to mutual sympathy in affliction and suffering, as brothers by Adam, and to mutual joy and praise, in the duties and triumphs of the Kingdom of God, as spiritual brothers by our blessed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. These are noble purposes, worthy of a God of infinite wisdom and goodness; but such as scribes pharisees and idolaters never dreamed of.

But yet, I feel I ought to say a few words upon 'S. F.'s views of these passages, by way of obviating his objections to the sentiment I am advocating. He admits that Adam and Christ are exhibited—in contrast—'as the two heads and representatives of mankind;' but explains, that the first is the head of *all* that die, the latter of *all* that truly believe. This exposition may agree well with Calvinism, not so well with the Apostle's object, either in the 5th of Romans or the 15th of Corinthians. In support of this opinion, he argues that the terms *all* and *many* are convertible, and are therefore used for each other, both in reference to Adam and Christ. Well be it so: but how does this prove that both terms when applied to Adam are *unlimited*, and when applied to Christ, *limited*, seeing they are invariably on this subject, used in this manner, i. e., if *all* be applied to Adam, the same *all* is also applied to Christ; if *many* be applied to Adam the same *many* is applied to Christ but never *all* to Adam and *many* to Christ, in contrast. The terms all and many are not contrasted in all this subject. Adam and Christ, condemnation and justification, death and resurrection, are contrasted to show that the latter, in each case of contrast is, at least, equal to the former. Hence he errs in point of fact as to the manner of St. Paul's employment of the word *all* and *many* on this subject; and therefore the argument built upon it falls to the ground. Another argument, he builds on the import of the phrase, *in Christ*, as it is employed, 1 Cor. xv, 22. '*In Christ* shall all be made alive.' This he argues means only *that all true believers* will be made alive; they being the only persons that can be said to be *in Christ*. How does he attempt to prove this? not by reference to the text and connection where he finds this phrase, but to other passages where the phrase has the import he ascribes to it. Had he have referred to the context, that would have shown that *in* is here used as a synonyme with *by*, see 1 Cor., xv. 21, 22. '*By* man came death, *by* man came also the resurrection; for as *in* (by) Adam all die, even so *in* (by) Christ shall all be made alive.' *In* is manifestly employed here, and *many* in Romans 5th, for the sake of variety of expression, not to change the thing expressed, but rather confirm. The subject of discourse in Romans 5th, is justification to eternal life—in 1 Cor. 15, the resurrection of the dead. Can he intend to deny the resurrection of all but true believers? Or does he set aside the justification to life eternal, of all who existed previous to the life of Christ on earth; for he says *nothing in these passages refers to the past?* Again, his way of explaining 1 Tim. 4: 10. 'God is the Savior of all men,' is still less satisfactory. What is that? Why he says, 'God is the Savior of all men,' and Christ the Savior of the world, in the same sense in which he (God) openeth his hand and supplieth the want of every living thing.' Psalms cxlv: 16. How is that? Why he satisfieth the *wants of many*, and leaves others to *perish* with hunger. With what does he satisfy them? Only with temporal things; for the Psalmist had no idea of *a future state:* so he says plainly of all the Old Testament writers. Why did he not refer to the passage and its immediate context, for the meaning of that most sublime expression of inspiration, 'God is the Savior of men?'

In concluding his objections to the competency of the Scriptures of the New Testament to prove that 'all men will be finally and forever happy, he owns that this doctrine was believed and advocated by 'Clement and Origen, about two hundred years after Christ;' but says it was regarded as *new* and not believed by *primitive Christians.* As to the new about it, I am inclined to the opinion that it was the controversy about it that was new, not the doctrine itself; it not having been before so distinctly denied as to make its defence incumbent. And seeing there was nothing said against it in the 'Apostle's Creed,' or any early collect of primitive opinions; and that it was openly avowed in the church, and never disfellowshipped by any act, declaration or decree thereof, till the 4th or 5th century; and then not rejected for its own sake, but on account of certain heresies that had been connected with it—these things, I say, seem to me, very strongly to favor the idea of its having been believed by the body of primitive Christians.

A short reply to my good brother's third paper, will close this course of friendly replies, and respectful addresses. Y. Z.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ROCKFORD, August 5, 1843.

Rev. Mr Briggs—Dear Sir,—I have now been here nearly three weeks, preached two lectures besides the regular exercises on the Sabbath; visited considerable and formed a Sabbath School and Bible class. I am now prepared to form some judgment of the condition and prospects of the Society. Although worshipping in a school house, uncomfortable and inconvenient on account of its situation as well as in other respects, yet we have had, I should say, about 60 or 70 worshippers on an average. There are 10 or 12 families of firm Unitarians, who are zealous and willing to make sacrifices for their faith. One man, a large farmer, told me, that rather than not have Unitarian preaching, he would gladly furnish the family of a minister all their meats and bread stuffs through the year for his part. A lady, who lives four miles out on the prarie, said, when she heard that there was to be Unitarian preaching, that she would come, if she had to come on foot and bring her child in her arms. There are among them some dozen or twenty as decided, and who have as warm a zeal for their religion, as I ever found among Unitarians. There is a still greater number who are favorable, and ready to unite with the Society if they could have regular meetings. There is another class, alienated from the forms of religion which they have seen, who are pleased with our views, send their children to the Sabbath School, and would soon become settled in their faith, if they could hear good preaching and be brought under the personal influence of a good minister. There are some local and accidental circumstances that are favorable just at this time. The great religious excitement that prevailed last winter when Mr Harrington was here, has not only subsided, but there is a re-action, and the Society is divided. They now have no preacher. They will probably build on the other side of the river. And their Church, which is a very pretty one, and cost over $3000, will be sold. It was built mostly by a private individual and falls back on his hands. It will probably be sold very low, perhaps for seven or eight hundred dollars; at most for a thousand. The first effort to be made by this Society, and by their friends at the East, in my opinion, is to get a Church. Until this is accomplished it is in vain to think of sending out a preacher, with any view to permanency. If they can get a few hundred dollars from the East, the Society is prepared to make an effort, either to build or to purchase the Church I have named. And if they can get a Church, and receive from two to three hundred dollars a year, for four or five years, I have little doubt of their success.

Sunday, Aug. 6. I administered the communion to-day to 15. Two joined to-day. One more who intended to join was detained, I presume, by sickness. There are five or six more who seem about ready to join. There is a very positive faith and decided purpose among the body of Unitarians here, and they are persons of intelligence and character, and some of them will have considerable property. But property is unproductive here now. And in a new country there are so many improvements to be made, and every thing is to be done for the first time, so that one's means are swallowed up, and he hardly knows where they go. But there must be a steady increase of the country. There is a fine water power here, which will build up the village. And with those who would naturally come in from the East, and those who would imbibe our views here, I think a good Society would grow up. The prospect is so good that I think a decided experiment should be made.—The Society here are ready to do all in their power. I sincerely hope they will be aided at the East.

On Thursday last I went down the river 25 miles to Oregon, the Capitol of Ogle Co. I preached in the evening to 30 hearers, although the notice was very short and imperfect. There are several leading families who are Unitarians. There is now no Society organized. Mr Walworth is to go there next Sunday, and the Unitarians will encourage him, and I think he will build up a Society there.

I expect to be at home so as to supply my own pulpit the last Sabbath in August. I have had a delightful journey, and met with a hearty welcome from all our Unitarian friends. It is gratifying to see how they prize their religion, and how zealous they are. Your friend and brother,

B. F.

We take the following just, discriminating and beautiful notice of the late Rev. Dr. Greenwood, from Dr. Frothingham's Sermon preached at the Stone Chapel, on the Sunday after his interment.

'But two days ago, his wasted form was brought here for the last religious offices, where he was wont to come in all the stages of his life; where he worshipped as a boy, and I was a witness how seriously; and where he preached the truths of the divine gospel with a chaste zeal, and a clear reason, and a deeply moved spirit, and a pathetic sweetness, of which you all were the witnesses, and of which there are but rare examples. Alas, that his eloquent tongue must have been thus mute in the assembly of his people! He was buried according to his own direction, given with his characteristic simplicity. There was found among his papers, not till the second day after his departure, one that bore the plain inscription, 'My Funeral.' With the even and sedate hand that corresponded well with the mind that dictated it, it enjoined that there should be no deviation from the common service of the church; but expressed a preference that instead of the funeral hymn there might be the chanting of the psalm, which begins, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,' and goes on with the devout confidence, 'though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,' and closes in an almost triumphant tone, 'I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever;'—that house which has many mansions, eternal in the heavens. Was not this as if he desired, in the immediate prospect of his dissolution, and even with his dead lips, to utter his sense of the experience he had enjoyed of the divine goodness? 'I would,' it goes on, 'that not a word should be said concerning what may be considered my character or deservings, at that solemn hour when in the house of God and presence of his holiness, my poor remains are waiting to be consigned to the earth. Let the voice of the church only be heard in those words, mostly from sacred scripture, which are used in our mother country impartially for prince and peasant, and which are certainly sufficient for me.' That restriction is now taken off. I cannot stand in this shrouded pulpit, that has been his for these nineteen years, and not speak of him. These mournful draperies insist upon their subject. You have come to hear some feeble tribute to so strong a character and so dear a memory. Only let me speak with that sober regard to the unexaggerated truth, which was so fixed a principle in him. I should be afraid of offending his shade by a single word of indiscriminate eulogy, or rhetorical artifice, or overstrained description.

My mind returns to the affecting scene that was so lately presented in this house of your devotions. The eyes that you there saw closed had once a sensibility, more than is given to most men, to all that was most admirable in art and nature, to all the forms of sublimity and beauty, whether wrought by the hands of man or displayed in the universe of the Almighty. The heavens and the earth and the sea were objects of his careful study and unwearied delight. They were not to him a mere show and wonder. He did not look at them with a transient curiosity or a superficial pleasure, but with the vision of his highest sentiments, with a philosophic understanding and a devout heart. They were fraught with divine meanings for him. He loved to enrich his meditations with the thoughts that their varied spectacle was always revealing to his search. He endeavored to draw both knowledge and spiritual improvement from those pure sources; the first if he could find the opportunity, and the last by all means. He took science with him when she was willing to come, and placed her on his left hand; but his religious feelings were his guides always, and led on at the right. His soul was engaged and affected by what he beheld among the minutest and the grandest of the works of his own Creator. And when he perceived any copies and distant imitations of what was done by that heavenly hand in the productions of human skill and genius, when he gazed on the buildings and the monuments that are connected with patriotism or piety, that embody lofty conceptions or display virtuous impulses, he was touched with that also, and glowed with thankfulness to Him, who had given such an ability and such a disposition to his poor brother man. And what he thus saw, you know with what peculiar felicity he could describe. What he thus learned he was always ready in the most finished manner to communicate. His invalid state, which he began so long as twenty-three years ago, while he was the youthful minister of another congregation, led him to seek for health in different parts of his own country, on the southern coasts of his mother land which he deeply penetrated, and among the islands of a still warmer sea. Wherever he went, he carried the same spirit of observation and sensibility; he brought back new treasures of instruction for himself and others. The ocean by which he sat he made to murmur in many ears beside his own with the praise of God. The cataract, whose mighty falls he contemplated with an emotion that would not let him be silent, he made to sound the same ascription within these very walls; and it was almost as good and elevating to hear his lips tell of it as to listen to the deep hymn itself of those eternal waters. From the tropical skies, under which he dwelt for a few months, and where a languid frame would have seemed to conspire with the summer air to demand repose, his quiet diligence brought home something for his pulpit and something for his scientific friends; at the same time valuable contributions to Natural History, and lessons of a kind wisdom which none knew better than he how to recommend.'

'In reflecting upon his intellectual endowments and habits, one is struck with the singular combination that he presented of accuracy and discursiveness. He was a close critic and a patient investigator, and yet his imagination was one of the ruling lights of his mind. With that he beautifully illustrated the conclusions at which he arrived, and the facts that he discovered. He insisted everywhere upon the rigid truth, and then adorned it with the colors of an original invention and the charms of his rhetoric. He was studious of dates and details. He was willing to track small incidents, and disentangle complicated evidences, while at the same time that vivid inspiration was warm within him which naturally gives birth to verse and song. But these different elements knew their proper places among his meek faculties. They did not interfere with one another. They were mutually helpful. His fancy did not abuse his reason. His reason did not chill his fancy. He kept them suitably related. He was remarkable for the clearness of his perceptions. What he saw he saw distinctly, and exhibited it as distinctly as it was seen. He loved history, with its sober and warning page. He loved, too, all the flowery fields of poetic enchantment. But his judgment was so grave as to be almost severe. It was not the language of passion that stirred or captivated him, but the tender strains of subdued feeling, the voice of harmonious wisdom, the utterances of a rapt but an upright soul. He was the enemy of all violence and exageration. He could bear with nothing that was unnatural, or unholy, or untrue. He kept his glance fixed upon the honest reality of things, with candor but with resolution; and on no pretext was that to be tampered with or concealed. These qualities eminently fitted him to be the historian of this church to which he ministered. He was led to undertake the task by his taste for antiquity in its records as well as in its structures, and by the fondness that he always felt for this religious home of his childhood. He performed it in such a manner as to leave it for no one who shall come after him to do it again and better. It seems to me a beautiful thing among the disposals of providence, that after his strength failed him under his labors in another place, and a threatening illness separated him from the service of a closely-attached people, he was permitted to return hither; to preach the gospel of Christ with his manly powers, where he received the sign of its baptism upon his infant forehead; and be laid here, at last, to be bewailed, where his youngest days had been instructed.

'In his manners it was impossible not to mark the most entire plainness and frankness. They were so wanting in all artifice that a stranger might have called them uncourtly. They were so free from sycophancy, as to seem sometimes hard. They were so restrained by the reflective habit of his mind as to appear sometimes cold. But these appearances vanished from him when one became no longer a stranger. There was a certain delicacy in all his sentiments, and a benevolence of heart, that would never suffer him to be harsh or insensible. His was truly Christian urbanity. He did not profess more than he believed. He did not declare more than he felt. He did not show more than was real. He was not one to prefer a courtesy to a duty; though he observed, as the apostle has enjoined, the duty of being courteous. His look always matched his thought, and his word came straight from his conviction. Sincerity was bound visibly upon his open brow like a written phylactery. He had as little respect for subterfuges as he had occasion for any. Within was no guile. Without was no assumption. His communication was simple, direct, faithful, as his whole character was consistently grave and earnest.

In his opinions, he loved to be settled. He studied that there should be some fixture in them. He was unwilling to be doubtful. He would have been unhappy to waver. He dreaded being carried about on any important subject as the wind prevailed. He sought to be assured. He set out his judgments carefully, and then allowed them to take their root. He was not anxious, like many, to disturb them continually in order to see if they were in a good condition. While he was candid and charitable towards the views of others, he held his own in unshaken honor. He was ready at all times to listen to any new arguments that might be brought against the justness of his belief; but he was not ready to be always putting it to the question as a suspicious thing. This would have been to render his belief no belief, but only a flickering assent or a flimsy conjecture. At least, he thought so. He wanted a foundation, and must have it; and he laid it with pains and circumspection, as that upon which he was to build his safety. The skeptical and the vacilating, and they who are easily caught by the show of some new thing, might have found fault with him here as too precise, perhaps as too pertinacious. But it was a demand of his nature to know where he stood, and to be able to stand confidently.

As a theologian, he was an independent but humble inquirer. You might infer that he would be so from what has already been indicated as the character of his mind. He was a reverent searcher of the scriptures; a reverent observer of those works and providences of God which are 'a part of his word.' Reverence was one of the leading traits of his spirit. He never lost in the office of a teacher the feeling of a disciple. He sought nothing so assiduously as the truth. He prized nothing so highly as the truth. He loved nothing so well as the truth. He was willing to follow it wherever it led. He did not care to count what it might cost. He was thoroughly persuaded of the inestimable value of the religious views that he had embraced. He recommended them with a solemn ardour. His preference was for the 'old paths.' Novelties in religion had no attraction for him. He venerated the sacred bequests of the generations that had gone before us. Though not servile to antiquity, he saw more and more in it as he grew older to win his respect and to meet his sympathies. He rejected nothing with a quicker or a more offended determination than the modern refinements and latitudes, that with a parade of spirituality scoff at ancient forms and outward testimonies, and with the prate of freedom do what they can to break off the yoke of a gospel belief. He was firmly conservative. He shrunk from the skeptical tendencies of the age. He hoped for nothing good, he anticipated only the most disastrous evils, from the pretended religious philosophies of fashionable innovation. His doctrine he connected rigourously with what he found in his Bible; with its historians and prophets and apostles, and above all with the inspired authority of the Savior himself, who is 'the head over all things to the church.' From the holy volume, and not from his own conjecture or fancy, he drew the arguments with which he would impress others, and the lessons by which he would educate himself. To the Liturgy of this church, and to the faith which for these so many years has been inculcated within its walls, his attachment constantly increased till the day when every tie that attached him to the earth was severed. But the faith of our friend did not chiefly delight in definitions or dogmas of any kind. He was solicitous rather about its genuine fruits. His was eminently a faith of the affections. It nourished his sensibilities more than it encouraged his speculations. Though he distiuguished himself as a controversial writer, taking an active part with those among us who have vindicated the claims of a liberal theology, yet it was from no pride of opinion or fondness for debate, but because he saw that this theology and they who held it were assailed with the bitterest uncharitableness; and because it was dear to him, as he conceived it to be the true interpretation of 'the mind of Christ,' and the most favorable to the virtue and happiness of mankind. For his own part, he loved to look away beyond all the divisions that keep men's kindness from one another,—to repose upon his own peaceful persuasions, to believe with his heart.

It remains that I should speak of him as a preacher of God's word. This might seem unnecessary for you, who have been favored with abundantly more opportunities of knowing him in this relation than any other persons, and almost presumptuous in me who heard him comparatively seldom. Yet the sketch must be made, even if with but few imperfect touches. The pulpit was the high field of his faithful labors; may I not add, of his holy renown? With what a meek grace, what a beautiful simplicity, what a deep seriousness upon his expressive face, he stood up here and elsewhere and spoke for his Master! His voice was richly musical, breathing out as from the soul; his look saintly; his manner fervidly collected; his word full of calm power. While he was yet a young man his aspect seemed venerable. It grew more apostolic, when the thin features grew thinner, and the touch of time was upon the locks of his hair. And when the progress of disease had enfeebled and altered the tones of his speech, still as before, and more than ever, they stole the attention of all classes of minds, and went to the heart of every hearer. His topics were various, and each was treated with its becoming method. He was no vague writer. He did not deal in abstractions and unaffecting generalities. He had always a purpose in view, and he moved distinctly towards it. In the discussion of moral points he showed a nice discernment. He qualified, as he went on, what needed to be set in its just proportions. There was no indiscriminate assertion. There was no empty declamation. He reasoned with ability. He interpreted with good sense. He described with the most skilful hand. But it was in tender and persuasive representations that he most excelled. These were the most congenial with the cast of his reflections, and one must be of a stern nature that could have heard him at such times and remained unmoved. His style of discourse was called a plain one by many. But this could only be because it was so easily understood. It was essentially poetical; figurative in an unusual degree; and though always chaste, abounding with the highest forms of eloquence. It was suited in each several instance to its end. It was never out of place. It was the more clear and not the less so for its ornament. He taught the more effectually by the exquisite mastery that he thus displayed of the language in which he wrote. His 'Sermons to Children,' have interested many other young persons than they to whom they were first addressed. His 'Sermons of Consolation' have gone from this public desk, and from the preparations of his sick room, into hundreds of sorrowful chambers, assuaging the griefs and lifting up the souls of those who mourned there in secret. His mind,—or rather his spirit,—unimpaired by the decay of the body, never hurried and seldom perturbed, accomplished more in this department of ministerial labor than is often done by the most industrious, with all the advantages of their full vigour.

But, brethren, most of the things of which I have been attempting to speak are now only memories. That voice is silent. That countenance we shall no more see. That form after its long languishing is laid to rest. Never was a tedious decline endured with more perfect patience, more sustaining trust. His last days were not among the least instructive of his life. It was good to converse with his prepared soul. It is good to reflect how peacefully it passed away to God. We read of Stephen the first martyr, that when he confronted his tormentors, 'his face was as it had been the face of an angel.' Shall I confess that the passage was suggested to me more than once when, under the slower martyrdom of the malady that was exhausting his life he seemed to be already looking towards heaven, and inwardly saying, 'Receive my spirit' whenever it shall be summoned away!

To the Editors of the Christian Register.

I have received a communication from Ireland, with a request that I would give it publicity. I know of no better way in which to comply with this request, than to send it to our religious Journals. It came to me enclosed in a letter from Rev. Dr. Drummond, one of the Unitarian ministers of Dublin, in which he says:—'At the request of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society, I enclose an Address from them to their American brethren, on the great question of slavery, in the hope that you will give it publicity, in any form you may deem eligible. Many of our Unitarian brethren, (and particularly Mr. James Haughton, a zealous supporter of every cause which he thinks favorable to the improvement and happiness of mankind,) are anxious to express their opinion on the subject of slavery, and to lend whatever influences they possess, to assist in its abolition.' I hope you will give the Address a place in the next Register.

Yours, E. S. G.

Boston, Aug. 28, 1843.

ADDRESS OF THE IRISH UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN SOCIETY TO THEIR BRETHREN IN AMERICA.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—At our annual meeting held this year in Dublin, on the 2nd of May, among other important and interesting matters which engaged our attention, our hearts and affections were drawn towards you, our fellow laborers in the cause of truth at the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, in your happy and glorious land, the United States of America; a land, many of whose institutions are favorable to the expansion and freedom of the human mind, and in which the course of Christian truth and Christian freedom should consequently be right onward and steadily progressive: This we hope and believe is your happy experience: We trust there are thousands of our Unitarian Christian brethren in America who are nobly sustaining the cause of truth, and who labor zealously with us in the promotion of man's improvement, and in upholding his right to equal liberty, civil and religious. Brethren, we offer you our heart's best wishes, we desire to interchange friendly sentiments with you. The loss sustained by the Christian world, and particularly by our Denomination, on the death of the gifted and noble minded Channing, called forth our sympathy with those friends who have been deprived of the pleasure of personal intercourse with him, and of sorrow that it did not please God to spare him a little longer to enlighten and to bless mankind; but, 'though dead he yet speaketh' in his writings, and, in this way, his spirit will continue to shed its elevating and humanizing influences over the hearts of men.

In connexion with our reflections on the life and death of Dr. Channing, the question of Slavery in your land came like a dark cloud across our minds. His address at Lenox on this subject, delivered so short a time before his death, is a noble denunciation of that wicked system, which is a plague spot on your country—a cancer which must be boldly cut away and entirely rooted out, if you would save America from utter ruin and merited degradation. This fine Address should doubly endear the memory of Channing in the affections of every Unitarian, and make us all more and more zealous in our determination to banish Slavery from the Earth. It is a complication of the greatest crimes against God and man. Other crimes sink into insignificance when compared with the iniquity of making a chattel, a thing of merchandize, of the image of the living God. We have heard with sorrow, mingled with feelings of indignation, that men in America claiming to be Unitarians, to be Christians, are guilty of this wickedness; we hope that in this respect none such are held in estimation among you, and we shall be happy to hear from you that this report is but one of the vile calumnies uttered against Unitarians in this country, and in England. To us it seems that virtue and vice are not more opposite to each other in their nature, than Christianity (or Unitarianism, which is but another name for Christianity) and slave-holding. We have heard of some sad doings by professing Unitarians in your slave holding states. We allude to the vile treatment of Rev. Mr. Simmons in Mobile, and Rev. Mr. Mott in Savannah, with which you are no doubt familiar. Are the persecutors of these men Christians at all? and do good men among you hold fellowship with such as these? Let us, wherever on earth we may be located, be ever found the honest and true-hearted friends of liberty, civil and religious; liberty for all, the black man as well as the white man. We desire to unite with you in the promotion of this glorious principle; any thing short of its universal acknowledgement we deem degrading to our high nature, and not to be for a moment tolerated by any who either love God, or would improve their fellow man.

Not being in direct communication with any Unitarian Society in your land, we do not send this Address to any particular association of our denomination. We address it to all. We hope it will meet a ready response in the hearts of all, and that you will make its sentiments extensively known throughout all our churches in America.

Signed by order, and on behalf of
The Irish Unitarian Christian Society,
W. H. DRUMMOND, D. D.
J. C. LEDLIE, D. D.
JAMES HAUGHTON, Merchant.

Dublin, 25th July, 1843.

RECENT PUBLICATION.

Letters from New York, by L. Maria Child, New York. Charles S. Francis & Company, 152 Broadway.

Those who have read these letters as they have appeared from time to time in the 'Standard' during the last two years, will be pleased to see them collected and presented to the public in a permanent form; and those who have not read them, will find in them much to amuse, interest and instruct. They will meet with many things to admire and approve, and something in which they will not entirely agree with the writer. The Letters are not simply descriptive of New York, but institutions, scenes, incidents in that 'Babylon' are made the threads upon which the authoress strings her pearls of moral and spiritual truth, and pours forth her thoughts upon many subjects connected with the condition of society and the welfare and progress of humanity.

We had marked one or two passages for selection, but have room only for the following incident, narrated in one of the letters:

Among those who have flitted across my path, in this thoroughfare of nations, few have interested me more strongly than an old sea-captain, who needed only Sir Walter's education, his wild excursions through solitary dells and rugged mountain-passes, and his familiarity with legendary lore, to make him, too, a poet and a romancer. Untutored as he was, a rough son of the

ocean, he had combined in his character the rarest elements of fun and pathos; side by side, they glanced through his conversation, in a manner almost Shakspearean. They shone, likewise, in his weather-beaten countenance; for he had 'the eye of Wordsworth, and the mouth of Moliere.'

One of his numerous stories particularly impressed my imagination, and remains there like a cabinet picture, by Claude. He said he was once on board a steamboat, full of poor foreigners, going up the Mississippi to some place of destination in the yet unsettled wilderness. The room where these poor emigrants were huddled together, was miserable enough. In one corner, two dissipated-looking fellows were squatted on the floor, playing All-fours with dirty cards; in another, lay a victim of intemperance, senseless, with a bottle in his hand; in another, a young Englishman, dying of consumption—kindly tended by a venerable Swiss emigrant, with his helpful wife, and artless daughter. The Englishman was an intelligent, well-informed young man, who, being unable to marry the object of his choice, with any chance of comfortable support in his own country, had come to prepare a home for his beloved in the Eldorado of the West. A neglected cold brought on lung fever, which left him in a rapid decline; but still, full of hope, he was pushing on for the township where he had planned for himself a domestic paradise. He was now among strangers, and felt that death was nigh. The Swiss emigrants treated him with that thoughtful, zealous tenderness, which springs from genial hearts deeply imbued with the religious sentiment. One wish of his soul they could not gratify, by reason of their ignorance. Being too weak to hold a pen, he earnestly desired to dictate to some one else a letter to his mother and his betrothed. This, Captain T. readily consented to do; and promised, so far as in him lay, to carry into effect any arrangements he might wish to make.

Soon after this melancholy duty was fulfilled, the young sufferer departed.—When the steamboat arrived at its final destination, the kind-hearted Captain T. made the best arrangements he could for a decent burial. There was no chaplain on board; and, unused as he was to the performance of religious ceremonies, he himself read the funeral service from a book of Common Prayer, found in the young stranger's trunk. The body was tenderly placed on a board, and carried out, face upwards, into the silent solitude of the primeval forest. The sun, verging to the west, cast oblique glances through the foliage, and played on the pale face in flickering light and shadow. Even the most dissipated of the emigrants were sobered by a scene so touching and so solemn, and all followed reverently in procession. Having dug the grave, they laid him carefully within, and replaced the sods above him; then, sadly and thoughtfully, they returned slowly to the boat.

Subdued to tender melancholy by the scene he had witnessed, and the unusual service he had performed, Captain T. avoided company, and wandered off alone into the woods. Unquiet questionings, and far-reaching thoughts of God and immortality, lifted his soul toward the Eternal; and heedless of his footsteps, he lost his way in the windings of the forest. A widely devious and circuitous route brought him within sound of human voices. It was a gushing melody, taking its rest in sweetest cadences. With pleased surprise, he followed it, and came, suddenly and unexpectedly, in view of the new-made grave. The kindly Swiss matron, and her innocent daughter, had woven a large and beautiful Cross, from the broad leaves of the papaw tree, and twined it with the pure white blossoms of the trailing Convolvulus. They had placed it reverently at the head of the stranger's grave, and kneeling before it, chanted their evening hymn to the Virgin. A glowing twilight shed its rosy flush on the consecrated symbol, and the modest, friendly faces of those humble worshippers. Thus beautifully they paid *their* tribute of respect to the unknown one, of another faith, and a foreign clime, who had left home and kindred, to die among strangers in the wilderness.

How would the holy gracefulness of this scene have melted the heart of his mother and his beloved!

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The Fifteenth Annual Report of the Sunday School Society, with an abstract of the Addresses at the Public Annual Meeting, thirty-first of May, 1843. Boston, Samuel G. Simpkins. 1843.

We rejoice that this Report, of which we gave some account in the Register in our notice of the Annual Meeting of the Sunday School Society, has been published. It is deeply interesting and instructive; full of valuable information upon the great subject the Society aims to advance, and abounding with thoughts and suggestions that cannot fail to quicken the zeal and stimulate the efforts and perseverance of those engaged in this holy work.

There are two Schools referred to in this Report, in which one cannot but feel the deepest interest, the School at the Prison, East Cambridge, and the one at the Navy Yard, Charlestown. The Report thus speaks of them:

We would refer, briefly, to the Sunday School at the prison in East Cambridge. A teacher says,—'We have continued encouragement for zealous labor in this field of duty. We know of many whose reformed lives date from the moral and religious instruction there dispensed. Letters are often received from employers of such as have added *practice* to *good resolves*; and have manifested the fruit of instruction by a useful life in society.

'Thus by the effort of some of our Christian friends, many unfortunate persons have been helped forward into right paths.

'May the blessing of heaven multiply examples of thorough renovation from lives of sin, and sanctify many in lives of holiness.'

We have great satisfaction in being able to refer to a Sunday School in our vicinity which has for several years been an important source of Christian influence. We allude to the school convened at the Navy Yard in Charlestown, which embraces for pupils the navy apprentices of the Receiving ship Ohio, numbering, at different times, from one hundred to two hundred and fifty scholars.

It is to the Sailing Master, Mr Moores, this school owes its origin and success.—The teachers are all *ladies*, and from various religious denominations. In this school, for a considerable period, *our* views have had a representation.

The Superintendent wisely judged in his choice of teachers. Isolated as are these young boys from the usual influences of social and domestic life, it was a happy thought, to give them, through these religious teachers, the more softening and gentle influences of *woman*. In the church this evening we see a portion of this valuable school, and welcome them with Christian sympathy to this assembly. May God bless the sailor boy and the sailor boy's friends,—for

> The sailor's *home* is on the wave,
> And there his *grave* may be:
> Oh! Christian, stretch your hand to save
> The pilgrim of the sea.

Though it would have interferred with the plan of the Report, we could have wished more detailed accounts had been given us of these two schools. We cannot but look upon the efforts made in these quarters to bring religious truth and christian and kindly influences to bear upon the hearts of those whose situation exposes them to great peril, and removes from them those outward aids and influences that sustain the virtue of many, as of incalculable importance and benefit.

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Address delivered on the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the South Parish Sunday School, June 11, 1843. By J. W. Foster, senior superintendent. Printed by request. Not published. Portsmouth, N. H. 1843.

Although this address can hardly be considered public property, as it is printed only for circulation among the friends of the school, yet as we have been favored with a copy, we cannot forbear to express the pleasure and profit we have derived from reading it. We quoted a passage from it last week, embracing the statistics of the school since it was first opened, in June, 1818.

The 'South Parish Sunday School,' Portsmouth, as it was one of the earliest, if not the very first, so it has ever been one of the best conducted and most successful and efficient institutions of the kind, in the country. It has been highly favored in its superintendents, who, in addition to an elevated and ardent piety, and a devoted interest in the cause of religion, have been men of intelligence, capacity and a singular adaptation to the work, and its teachers have ever been a 'band of men whose hearts God had touched.' The present address was delivered at the conclusion of the first quarter of a century, from the commencement of the school, and is such as the occasion and its author would lead us to expect. It is full of grateful remembrances, of earnest and forcible exhortation. We should like to transfer much of it to our columns. We have room only for the following beautiful remarks to the children.

'My Children, I cannot permit the services of this day to close without one word to you. You have listened patiently, and I hope the elder of you not without interest, to our reflections upon the duties which as your teachers, your parents, and as members of the religious community, we owe to God, to each other, and to you. You see that we think it no light thing to be connected with a Sunday School; that we think it a duty, however imperfectly we perform it, to declare by our example as well as by our words, that to 'fear God and keep his commandments,' is the way, and the only way, to be truly happy in this world, and supremely happy in the world to come.

My Children, we are celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of our school. Twenty-five years ago I saw the first scholars assemble, who ever came to our classes. Since that day, I have seen over two thousand children entered upon our records. Do you think I can look back upon that long course of years, and that crowd of children, and not feel that our duties here are important? Do you wonder, that as I look abroad and see how those, whom I remember coming here as little children, have become men and women, and gone forth, not only around us here at home, but into all parts of our country, yes, and all parts of the world, and as heads of families and as members of society are taking an active part in the affairs of life,—can you wonder that I think much, very much, of the influence which our early lessons may have had upon their characters? I have known and heard much of that influence. I have had young men come to me, when I had forgotten their altered persons, on purpose to tell me of their remembrances of the Sabbath School. They have told me how the instructions and warnings of their faithful and kind teachers have come up to their minds when on the dreary ocean, and also in times of temptation and sin, when far away from the restraints of home. Do you wonder, then, that, the older I grow, the more seriously I think of the duties of the Sunday School Teacher? You have heard me speak of the parting hours of some of your teachers who have gone. I have stood, also, by the death-bed of children who have been pupils here, who were called away in their early days; and I have heard afflicted parents speak of the beloved ones whom they have lost;—and as they have told me of the 'last Sabbath School lesson which was so perfectly gotten,'—of the sick one's sorrow to be kept from school,—of the Sunday ticket, so carefully kept in the 'own little Bible,' found upon the pillow as the sick one slept,—I have said to myself, *Surely we may do good here!*

Do you wonder, then, that the older I grow, the more seriously I think of the duties of Sunday School children? For you know, my young friends, that if we are ever so faithful, we can do you no good against your own will. Unless you will give us your attention, unless you will try to understand and follow our instructions, our labor will be in vain for you. Remember that you have duties as well as we, and that, young as you are, God will call you to account for what you do know to be your duty. We may, and we should pray with you and for you; but our prayers cannot be answered unless you pray for yourselves. Pray also for us, (we ask the prayers of your young hearts, for God loves to hear them,) that we may be faithful to our duties; but, oh! pray for yourselves also, that you may be the loving and obedient children of your Father in heaven, and the early followers of his beloved Son!

Some of you are soon to step out upon the tempted stage of life. Perhaps you may even now be thinking that our humble school-room is no longer the place for you. You are soon to encounter dangers and temptations, of which you have, as yet, hardly conceived the force. May your Heavenly Parent shield you, when the care of earthly parents and teachers can no longer hover over you. May the purity and simplicity of your childhood's days follow you in mature life; for, unless you maintain that purity, that humble and obedient disposition, so lovely in little children, you can 'in nowise enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

NOTICE.

The ladies of the Unitarian Parish in Athol, will hold a fair and tea party at the public house in Athol Centre on Wednesday afternoon next, Sept. 6th, for the benefit of their society.

Their friends in the neighboring towns are invited to attend. If the weather is unpleasant the fair will be deferred until the next pleasant day.

The ladies hope to have a pleasant occasion, and to procure some funds in prosecuting the benevolent objects of their Society, of which they stand in need.

ANNUAL REPORT SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

The Annual Report, with a sketch of the addresses and proceedings at the Anniversary of the Sunday School Society having been published, a package will be sent to the Pastor or Superintendent of every Sunday School connected with the Society, who are requested, when it is received, to have the report distributed among their Teachers; and as it is deemed a valuable one, that, where the number is not sufficient for each, all may have an opportunity given them to read it.

*** Union Pastoral Association will meet at Rev. A. P. Peabody's in Portsmouth on Tuesday Sept 12, at eleven o'clock, A. M.

SAMUEL OSGOOD, *Secretary.*

OBITUARY.

MRS. ELIZA T. BRADSHAW.

Died, in this city, on Saturday, August 26, at noon, Mrs. Eliza T., wife of Mr Samuel C. Bradshaw, aged 51 years.

The remarkable traits in the character of the deceased, cannot but form a theme of admiration to all those that knew her.—That she possessed in an eminent degree all those virtues which adorn and beautify the female character, was seen as she progressed in life—the kind mother, affectionate wife, the constant friend and benevolent neighbor. With a heart that was sensible to tenderness at the misfortunes of the poor and destitute, she was never known to have turned from her door any one who ever asked her charity. Although called, in her last illness, to endure great bodily suffering, she bore it without a murmur. She retained her senses to the last, always meeting her husband, children and friends with a smile; and in calm resignation to the will of God, left this world of sorrow with humble confidence in the divine mercy. S.

For the Register and Observer.

Messrs Editors.—In your paper of the 12th instant is mentioned the decease of Miss Mary Rogers, on the 2nd inst, aged 18 years. She was the 4th daughter of Josiah Rogers Esq. of Billerica, and the fifth of his family that has died of consumption within eight years. She was much endeared to her friends by her gentle, modest, and affectionate character and manners. She was supported under her lingering sickness and sufferings by fortitude, resignation, and trust in her Heavenly Father. Though her bodily sufferings increased, as she approached her end, she was happy in that peace, hope, and joy, which arise from consciousness of love to God and his law, belief in his word, and reliance on his promise of eternal life through the gospel of his son, Jesus Christ.

Westford, August 22, 1843.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Sweedenborgians.—The Lutheran Observer referring to this religious sect says;—'Twenty five years have elapsed since their first introduction in this country. Their number, at present, we are told is only about 4000 members and 38 ministers.

Cochin China.—The Boston Courier of the 26th ult, publishes from an authentic source, an interesting account of a late deliverance of several French Roman Catholic Missionaries from intended martyrdom, in Cochin China, by order of the King of that country.

Captain Sevigne of the French corvette Heroine, learning that these missionaries had been captured and imprisoned, and knowing, by former precedents that they were destined to suffer a most horrid death, sent word to the King, by certain Mandarines,—'that if he presumed to inflict such tortures on these unfortunate victims, as he had on others, who had fallen into his hands, he might be sure his cruelty would be visited with most exemplary punishment, by the King of the French, who, as well as other heads of governments in Europe and America, would not permit such barbarity to be practised towards their people.'

The message was faithfully delivered to the King, and the result was that the missionaries were finally given up and sent on board the 'Heroine.'

Waterville College.—At the commencement at this Institution, President Fay resigned his office. For his successor, the Trustees made unanimous choice of the Rev Mr Sheldon, Baptist clergyman of approved scholarship and very favorable standing in that denomination.

Commencement at Williams College.—The annual commencement at Williamston was held on Wednesday, the 16th ult, It was an occasion of more than ordinary interest. A meeting of the Alumni was held in the morning of that day, and a public address delivered by Rev Dr Hopkins, President of the College.

The graduating class consisted of twenty seven, and their performances were received with approbation.

Was the following statement a hoax, or was it a description of a real occurrence?

Baptism of Bells.—We learn from the Canada papers that the bells in the Parish church in Montreal, were consecrated on the 20th of June last. It is stated that there were present thirteen godfathers and godmothers. The bells were dressed in velvet and flowered gold cloth. These dresses cost $2,000! Music from the opera, and an appropriate sermon concluded the ceremony.

Two thousand houses have been built in Cincinnati within three years. There has been in the three last years an addition to the population of the city of thirteen thousand persons.

The Slave System.—It is said, says the Newark Advertiser, that more than a thousand slaves escaped from the Island of Guadeloupe to the British Islands, in the confusion which followed the great earthquake. A gentleman well acquainted with M. Guizot, (the French premier,) says the latter is fully bent upon achieving the abolition of slavery in the colonies, and he has no doubt it will soon be effected. The Portuguese Chambers are also contemplating its abolition in their colonies.

Matrimonial Club.—A company of young men at Lincoln, England, have originated a new club. Each member pays one shilling weekly, which is placed in the savings bank. The first of the party who marries is to receive the whole amount deposited, together with the interest.

Mount Auburn.—A new gateway and lodges have been recently in process of erection at Mount Auburn. The work is now nearly completed. The following description is from the Boston Atlas of the 30th ult.

The new gateway and lodges are similar in design, and correspond in size, to the former ones. They are, however, of hammered Quincy granite, instead of wood, and are from the quarry of Octavius T. Rogers, & Co., the contractors for the whole work. The capstone of the gateway is undoubtedly the largest block of granite ever wrought. It is 24 feet 6 inches in length, by 10 feet 9 inches in breadth, measuring to the outside faces of the abacus, and 4 feet 6 inches in height. The block from which this stone has been wrought, weighed, when first separated from the quarry, 130 tons. Its present weight is 55 tons. It was transported from Quincy to Watertown, after being wrought, on a carriage similar to those used in moving the columns, and other large stones, for the new Custom House and Merchant's Exchange, and drawn by 45 yoke of oxen.

The lintel immediately under the capstone is 18 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 4 feet 6 inches deep, and weighs twenty seven tons.

On the outside face of this lintel is the following inscription:

'Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.'

On the inside face of this lintel is inscribed:

'Mt. Auburn—consecrated September 24, 1831.'

The cost of the whole work, including an iron fence on each side side of the lodges, 25 feet in length, will be $10,000.

FOREIGN.

From England.—By the arrival of the Great Western, English papers of August 5th are received

In the account of Parliamentary proceedings we have the following, which we quote principally to show that the *moral* bearings of the subject of the opium trade are not wholly overlooked in England.

The house went into committee of supply, the first item proposed being £1,281,211 as compensation for the opium surrendered to the Chinese by Capt. Elliott, and destroyed. The sum proposed was very nearly equal to the $6,000,000 exacted from the Chinese, and would amount to £64 a chest. The proposition brought on a protracted debate, in which not only the value of the opium, but also the whole theory of the opium trade, in its moral and financial aspects, was discussed.

The upshot was that the item passed as proposed by the chancellor of the exchequer.

The following passages from a letter from Birmingham published in the London Chronicle, shows the extreme destitution prevailing in that neighborhood. The writer says:—

'With respect to the poor in this district, their condition is hourly becoming more alarming. A meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was held last night, for the purpose of taking into consideration the alarming state of the country, and particular this district. The state of the iron and other trades in the surrounding country was adverted to, and described as being in a ruinous condition; upon which Mr Spooner asked, 'How are the poor maintained? How do they live?'

Mr Downing replied, that they could hardly be said to live. They were completely wasting off the earth for want of food; they were daily becoming unable to work from excessive weakness. The day before he had occasion to employ some men to remove goods, and before they could commence work he was obliged to order them food. If he had not done so, they could not have performed the labor. Mr Alderman Muntz said the description just given of the men was true.

A few days ago a poor fellow was (from mere humanity) set to work in his (Mr Muntz's) brother's establishment, but he had hardly commenced his labor when he fell down from entire weakness, and died in two hours after. The truth was, the poor creature's frame was emaciated and worn out for want of food, and it only required a moment's exertion to take him out of the world. Such, he regretted to say, was the condition of too many of their people.

Prince De Wittgenstein.—The following is an extract from a letter of Mr Walsh, now resident in Paris, to the National Intelligencer.

* * * 'The recent foreign death to which most attention has been accorded by the Parisians, is that of the Prince De Wittgenstein, a name with which every reader of that portion of Alison's History which treats of Napoleon's expedition to Russia must be already familiar. The Prince had a signal, if not the chief share in baffling the invader's plans. He distinguished himself as a commander of Russian armies in 1812, 1813, 1814, and in 1828 against the Turks. To him are attributed the scheme of the retreat of the Russian army on Moscow, so fortunate in the sequel, and also in the effective movement in November of the same year of the armies of the North and of Moldavia on Napoleon's retreat. He was of illustrious German extraction; all honors and rewards were bestowed on him by the Emperor Alexander, and the city of St. Petersburg, which he was appointed to cover against the French armies. After his campaign of 1828, he retired to his vast estates, and dedicated himself to the care of his fields and peasantry. He expired in the seventy-fourth year, leaving a reputation of noble personal qualities, besides superior military capacity and service. Most of the provinces of Russia endowed him with land or other valuable testimonials. Altogether, he was the best model of an officer that Russia has furnished since the French Revolution.'

Launch of the Great Britain.—In the accounts given of this event, we have, among many pleasant things, the following passage from the speech of Mr Everett on the occasion, in reply to an allusion made to his country by the chairman, at the collation.

I rejoice, Sir, as the humble representative of one of the allied or friendly powers, to which you have alluded, to have an opportunity of witnessing a spectacle, so pleasing even to a stranger.

But I could hardly feel myself a stranger, when on stepping on board that wonderful ship, this morning, my eye caught from the foremost head the sight of the flag of my country, gracefully mingling its folds with yours and those of the other friendly powers. I rejoice in the belief, that the interests of the two kindred nations, rightly understood, are as near to each other as their banners on your mastheads; and I pray from my heart that their best affections may be as closely intertwined, in honorable peace.

We read in the Arabian tales of the wonders of magic;—of flying steeds; of palaces starting by enchantment from the ground. Sir, let us leave magic to the nursery;—give me the magic of the Mechanic Arts. Consider that science, acting by their agency, has but waved her wand over the dark caverns of the iron mine, and out of them has started up this noble, this stupendous structure, ready to launch upon the waves. I rejoice to understand that my native shore is one of the destinations of this beautiful vessel; and I assure you that when she has passed the narrows at New York, she will be saluted by thousands of my countrymen, as cordially as by those which now hail her entrance upon her destined element.

Spain.—There appears to be no truth in the report that Espartero had retired into Portugal; on the contrary, he was still, at the date of the last telegraphic advices from Bayonne Aug. 1, given in the London papers of the 5th—carrying on the bombardment of Seville, in ignorance, apparently, of the events that had taken place at Madrid, where the revolutionary provisional government was quietly established.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday evening, by Rev. Mr Worcester, Mr Rollin Abell, to Miss Lucy W. Nixon.

On Sunday morning, in Trinity church, by Rev. J. L. Watson, Mr Josiah Daniell, to Miss Maria Jane Hedges, all of this city.

At the Hawes Institute, S. Boston, Aug. 31, by the Rev. L. Capen, Mr George E. Bent to Miss Martha C. Felton.

In Charlestown, Aug. 30, by Rev. G. E. Ellis, Mr Horatio N. Vose of Portland, Me, to Miss Nancy B. Hooper, daughter of Thomas Hooper Esq. of Charlestown.

In North Bridgewater, by Rev. Paul Couch, Rev. Henry Eddy, to Miss Sarah H. Torrey of North Bridgewater, recently a teacher at Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Saturday, Mrs Amelia, wife of Mr Phineas Hull, 29.

On Monday morning, Rebecca P., wife of Mr Charles Allen Browne.

25th inst, Mr Sprague Keen, 41.

26th inst, Mrs Susan Clark, wife of Henry Van Wart, Jr, of Birmingham, England 36.

In Roxbury, Aug. 28th, Mr Henry Tolman, late of this city, aged 62.

In Salem, 25th inst, Capt Joshua Safford, 65, master of the U. S. Revenue Cutter at that port.

In Lancaster, 20th inst, Francis Wilder, and 25th, Edward Wilder, aged 11 months, twin children of Volney and Charlotte Wilder, of Boston.

MONTHLY MISCELLANY for September, edited by Rev. E. S. Gannett. Contents:
The Poetry of Manufactures.
Questions and Hints.
Saint Bernhard and John Wesley.
The Importance of Religion—a Sermon.
The Goodness of God.
The Trinity not a doctrine of Scripture.
A Sabbath morning at Pascagoula.
The Christian life not an easy life.
Notices of the late Rev. Dr Greenwood.
Notices of Books, Intelligence, &c.
This day published by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. s2

LADIES GAITER BOOTS—A large assortment of Gaiter Boots—A large assortment of black, Bronze and Fawn Gaiter Boots, just received and for sale low, at BELL'S, 155 Washington st. a5

OLD PROSE WRITERS--Feltham's Resolves, divine, moral and political.
Latimer's Sermons—Selections from the works of Jeremy Taylor.
Utopia, and history of King Richard 3d, by Sir Thomas More—for sale at SIMPKINS'S, 21 Tremont Row. a26

BIBLES—A good assortment of Pocket, Octavo and Quarto Bibles, in different styles of binding, some of them very rich Also, the Folio Pulpit Bible, handsomely bound. For sale at SIMPKINS'S, 21 Tremont Row. a26

THE YOUNG MAIDEN, 4th Edition.—This day published the fourth edition of The Young Maiden, by A. B. Muzzey, author of the Young Man's Friend, &c.
Received and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO., No. 118 Washington street. aug 26

DR. FROTHINGHAM'S Sermon on Dr. Greenwood—a Sermon preached in King's Chapel, Aug. 6, 1843, the Sunday after the death of Dr. Greenwood; by Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D. D.
Published by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. a26

A KISS FOR A BLOW, or a collection of Stories for Children, showing them how to prevent quarrelling. 'Love your enemies.' 'Overcome evil with good.' By Henry C. Wright.
Fresh supply just received by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. a26

NEW AND VALUABLE WORKS—Gazeteer of the United States—a complete descriptive and statistical account of the United States, containing a particular description of the States, Territories, Counties, Districts, Parishes, Cities, and Villages, Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, Canals and Railroads—with an abstract of the census and statistics for 1840, exhibiting a complete view of the Agricultural, Commercial, Manufacturing and literary condition and resources of the country.
Gun's Domestic Medicine, or poor mans friend in the hours of affliction, pain and sickness. This book points out in plain language, free from Doctors terms, the diseases of men, women and children, and the latest and most approved means used in their cure and is intended expressly for the benefit of families. It also contains description of Medicinal Roots and Herbs of the United States, and how they are to be used in the cure of diseases.
Neander's History of the Christian Religion.
For sale at wholesale and retail by SAXTON, PEIRCE & CO., 133 Washington st. a26

DR. CHANNING'S WORKS—The Works of Wm. E. Channing, D. D., complete in 6 vols, large 12mo, handsomely bound in cambric. A supply always on hand at CROSBY'S, 118 Washington st. a19

THE HUGUENOTS, by Mrs Lee—The Huguenots in France and America, by the author of Three Experiments of Living, Luther, Cranmer, &c. &c.. 2 vols, 12mo—just published; for sale by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. a12

DAGUERREOTYPE.

H. H. LONG respectfully solicits the attention of the citizens of Boston to his clear, bold, and beautiful Daguerreotype Miniatures, which he thinks have never been excelled, and in only a single instance equalled in this country or in Europe. The time of sitting for a picture varies from thirty to fifty seconds, and accidents excepted, a good picture is secured at one sitting.
Rooms No. 96 Washington st. aug 19

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE DEAF.

THIS is to certify that my wife, having been afflicted with the loss of hearing for a year and a half, has suddenly recovered the same by the use of SCARPA'S OIL FOR DEAFNESS. It was with much reluctance that she made trial of it, considering it, at first as quack Medicine; but being encouraged by the example of others whose names were produced in favor of its utility, her consent was obtained; and I am happy to say that her hearing is now more than ordinarily acute. A few drops of the Oil only, (on two applications,) completed the cure. I wish that those suffering under the same malady might 'go and do likewise.'
THOMAS E. PRESSEY.
Newburyport, April 6, 1843.

For the benefit of persons at a distance, I would add that Mr Pressey is a Merchant, of Pleasant st., and will be happy to give any additional particulars to those who may wish to inquire of him.
SCARPA'S OIL is constantly for sale at my Book store, No 2 State st, Newburyport.
CHARLES WHIPPLE.
Sold also by Henry Whipple, Salem. a 19

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VALUABLE OLD WORKS—The Sermons of John Emery Abbot, with a Memoir, by Rev. H. Ware, Jr.
The Sermons of Rev A. Abbot, with a Memoir; Burton's cheering views of Man and Providence.
Abbot's Young Christian; Kettell's specimens of American Poetry, 3 vols.
Whitman's Village Sermons; Foster's Essays; Channing's Discourses, 12 mo.
The Listener, by Caroline Fry, 2vols; A Word to Women and other Gatherings, by Caroline Fry, 12 mo.
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BOOKS—Notes, explanatory and practical on the Epistle to the Hebrews, by Albert Barnes; Productive Farming, or a familiar digest of the recent discoveries of Liebig, Johnston, Davy, and other celebrated writers on Vegetable Chemistry, by J. A. Smith—No 2 Hannah More's Works, to be completed in 8 Nos. at 25 cents each—A Sermon preached before the University of the Cathedral Church in Oxford, by E. B. Pusey, D. D.; A Statement of Facts in relation to the recent ordination in St. Stephen's Church, N. Y.; No 10 Brande's Encyclopædia—part 1 Tom Burke of Ours, to be completed in 2 parts—The Life and Speeches of Henry Clay, in 2 large vols, for $1.
Every work published in the U. States received and for sale as soon as issued. Orders are respectfully solicited by SAXTON, PEIRCE & CO., 133 Washington st. a5

KID GLOVES cleaned to look equal to New—THEO. H. BELL has been appointed Agent for cleansing Kid Gloves of all colors. Also, blond lace, white satin Shoes, embroidered Belts, &c.—Those who wish to study economy in these 'Hard Times,' will find here a good chance. All articles returned in a fortnight, 155 Washington st. For cleansing long gloves, 20 cents; short gloves, 14 cents. j29

ANOTHER SUPPLY of Mrs. Ellis's Wives, Women and Daughters of England, the best edition, at only fifty cents for the three works. W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. a19

FOR HOME AND SCHOOL—Poetry for Home and School, selected by the author of the 'Theory of Teaching, Perennial Flowers,' &c. For sale by WM. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. a19

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FOR SALE. An Organ, 13 feet high, 8 feet wide and 51-2 feet deep, and containing open diapason, stop diapason, dulciana, Principal twelfth, fifteenth and spotton—the Principal in two and a half stops, which make 8 Registers—the key board commencing on FFF, containing 36 long or white keys; the whole encased by mahogany and nearly new, having been removed from a Church, after about one and a half years' use. The maker warrants it nearly equal to new—price $750—terms easy. If not sold immediately will be leased for a term of years. For particulars address CHARLES McINTIER, No 5 Exchange street, Boston. a12

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HAVE lately added to their large and extensive assortment a great variety of new styles of Goods, suited to the present season, and can offer as handsome an assortment of desirable Goods as can be found in the city, among which are
SILKS, the best styles of Black, Blue Black, and Colored in great variety of styles and colors.
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SHAWLS.
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One of the handsomest articles to be found for thin dresses. Printed Muslins and Lawns, new styles.
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Every description of White and Brown Cottons, of all widths. Also, a new style called Double Cotton, an excellent article. Purchasers are invited to examine it.
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EMBOSSED PIANO AND CENTRE TABLE COVERS.
MOURNING GOODS, always on hand, of every description. Hosiery and Gloves.
Our Customers are assured that we still adhere to ONE PRICE. Every article is marked at a small profit, and no salesman is permitted to deviate from the Fixed Price either way
As our advantages in conducting our business are equal to any other establishment, we are enabled to offer our goods as low as they can be found in the city. Our motto is 'Small profits and quick sales.'
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BLAIR'S SERMONS—London edition, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh, 5 vols, 8mo, London—for sale low by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. a12

A CARD TO INVALIDS.

SILAS DURKEE, M. D., Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, and of the Boston Medical Association, has taken the large and convenient house No. 26 Howard street, Boston, and fitted it up as a PRIVATE HOSPITAL for INVALIDS.
In important and difficult cases, the services of the most skilful and experienced physicians in the city will be had in consultation: and patients who place themselves under the care of Dr. D., and who wish to avail themselves of the advantages of a private Hospital, may be assured that every effort will be made for their comfort and well being.
An apartment has been fitted up with apparatus for administering the *Iodine Bath and Sulphur Bath*, as they are now given at the principal hospitals of London and Paris. The effect of these baths upon the system is similar to that of the warm springs of Virginia, and the Iodine fountain of Saratoga, and they are often entirely efficacious in the cure of many complaints of long standing, which have resisted the ordinary modes of treatment.
☞ Terms $6 to $12 per week. j10

NEW CARPETINGS!

GEO. ALEX. BREWER is now opening at his Carpet Warehouse, No 81 Tremont Row, his Spring supply of Carpetings and other goods in his line, among which are English Brussels Carpets of the first quality, and splendid patterns—Super three ply, Damask, Twilled and Striped Venetian—Superfine, Extra fine, Fine and Common Ingrain Carpeting, for floors and stairs—Painted Carpets of all widths—Rich Figured Buckings—Hearth Rugs, Door Mats—Carpet Binding—Hollow, Oval and Round Stair Rods, etc. etc. All of which comprise one of the most extensive assortments in this city, and will be sold at the very lowest market prices. Purchasers are invited to call and examine for themselves. a29

SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE FALL TERM of the Subscriber's School for Young Ladies will commence on September 4th, in convenient and pleasant Rooms, at the Warren Street Chapel.
The usual branches of a liberal English Education are taught, viz.: Reading, Spelling, Grammar, Geography, History, Natural Philosophy, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, Natural Theology, Botany, Chemistry, Writing, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Book-keeping, etc.
Instruction is also given in the French, German and Latin Languages; and if desired, in Needle-work, Drawing and Music, by instructors well qualified to teach in those branches.
Oral lessons form an important part of the plan of instruction, and Lectures are frequently given upon useful and interesting branches of science.—The School is well furnished with Philosophical Apparatus, and a large and excellent Library.
Applications for admission can be made until September 4, at No 60 Pleasant st.
TUITION—Pupils twelve years of age and over, $12,50 per term—under twelve, $10,00.
Instruction on Piano Forte, by Mr E. L. White, $12,00 per term—instruction in Drawing, by Miss D. Smith, $3,00 per term.
REFERENCES—Hon. Josiah Quincy, President Harvard University; Hon. William Minot; Rev. John Pierpont; Rev. Mellish I. Motte; Rev. Hubbard Winslow; Rev. Charles F. Barnard; Rev. Robert C. Waterston; Dr. George C. Shattuck; Jonathan Ellis; Edmund Jackson; George Savage; Gideon F. Thayer, Esq. july 29

MEDFORD BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

THIS INSTITUTION is situated a few rods from the village of Medford, five miles from Boston, and three and a half from Harvard University. The buildings and grounds are spacious, and adapted in all respects to the purpose for which they are designed. No pains will be spared to render the pupils thorough proficients in all the studies which are necessary to fit them for active life or a collegiate course, and the utmost attention will be paid to their health, manners, and moral character. The Academical year is divided into Four Terms, the first of which begins on the 7th of June. Further particulars made known on application to the Principal. JOHN Q. DAY.
July 15.

PLEASE READ THIS!

T. GILBERT & CO.,
PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS,
406 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,
NEXT BUILDING NORTH OF WASHINGTON BANK.

THE senior partner in the above firm is, with a single exception, the oldest Piano-Forte Manufacturer in Boston; and was one of the old firm of "Currier & Gilbert." The instruments, of various styles, bearing the names of, and manufactured by, "CURRIER & GILBERT, 399," "T. GILBERT," and "T. GILBERT & CO, 402 and 406 *Washington Street*," are now too well known throughout this country to need any commendation, further than to say, that the *same* T. GILBERT is still actively and constantly engaged in superintending the business, assisted by his partner, HENRY SAFFORD, who is also personally devoted to it. This, it is presumed, will be sufficient to secure the confidence of all their friends.
They have all the facilities for getting up their work in the best possible manner, and at the least possible expense, at which first-rate work can be done,—having connected with their manufactory a steam engine, to facilitate all those parts which can be done by the aid of machinery.
They also have every part of the work done at the above manufactory in the city, and under their own personal inspection, by experienced workmen only; as they employ no apprentices.
During the past year, they have made very important improvements in the Piano-Forte, some of which they have patented. In the Horizontal or Square Piano-Forte we have an improvement by means of which, with the use of a pedal, the hammers are made to strike one or two strings, at the pleasure of the performer; thus combining the soft, sweet tones of the Unichord with the power of the Grand Piano-Forte, without its inconvenience of size and shape. But having heard frequent complaints of the common Square Piano Forte, on account of its size, and objections to the Upright and Piccolo, for other reasons, and to obviate these objections, we have invented a new description, somewhat of the Piccolo form, embracing all of the above improvements, which, with seven octaves, occupies but about half as much room on the floor as the common *Square*, and having a very important improvement in the action, by which a single spring is made to answer the threefold purpose of pressing down the damper, and at the same time of bearing with equal force on the hammer and key, so as to cause their quick return after the blow is struck—thus making the action of the keys susceptible of the most rapid execution that any one can desire.
Lowest prices of the above, from $300 to $500. Common Square Piano-Fortes, of various patterns, with all the other improvements, from $200 to $400.
In view of all these facts, and their own experience, together with the ample testimonials which they have from others, they have no hesitation in warranting their instruments to be as good as can be obtained at any other manufactory in the world—the purchasers themselves being judges.
They will in all cases exchange, at their own expense, and from any part of the country, all such instruments as are paid for on delivery, and have been

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Graham's Magazine for August.]

THE POST-OFFICE.

By Miss Sedgwick.

The family of James O'Moore was a reputable branch of the old and broad-spreading trees of the the O'Moores in Ireland. James had married young, in spite of the wise counsel of the sage and rich, who can themselves indulge in the luxury of wives and children, and think it very fitting the poor should do without them. Neither would Jemmy O'Moore be guided by others' experience, which has been well called the 'stern light of the ship.' So, at five-and-thirty, he was a husband and the father of nine children; 'five,' as his wife expressed it, 'gone to the Blessed Virgin in Heaven—three boys o'er-topping their father and stouter than he, and our Rosy, dear, the beauty o' County Cork, though her mother should be ashamed to say it, but her mother it was alone that knew she was the truest and best that ever mother leaned upon, God bless her!'

Those who unreasonably, or, if they will reasonably, dislike the Irish, cannot deny that, in the glowing fervor of their affections, in generosity to their kindred and people, and in gratitude to any member of the human family, Jew, Greek, or barbarian, who do *in a kind manner*, renders them service, they are unequalled. O'Moore had a judicious and generous landlord, and he would have thriven well in his own country, with only his four surviving children to bury or bring up; but there was a cousin, with three sickly girls and a boy, to whom his kind heart bade him extend protection and support. The boy, Dennis Rooney, was to be sure, no charge to him, or to his mother. Dennis was a stout, brave and manly boy, and, when but twelve years old, he had saved the life of the heir, and only son of the lord of the domain on which they lived.

This unfortunate only son of Sir Philip Morriti and his wife, Lady Ellen, was born with a deformity that made him incurably lame. He was beside sickly, and of a nervous temperament, and retiring disposition. He loved solitude; and, when possible, would escape from his mother and nurse and wander about the woodlands of the estate. His ruling passion was a love of wild flowers, and in trying to obtain some violets that grew on the brink of a stream that bounded the estate, he fell in, and unable to resist the swift channel, he was carried down into an artificial pond, where he inevitably would have been drowned but for the timely intervention of Dennis Rooney. Dennis came near being dragged under by the convulsive grasp of the drowning child, but his stout arm and stouter heart prevailed; and he not only took the boy from the water but carried him half a mile, to the castle, and laid him in his mother's arms. Dennis was at once taken to the castle, was taught, by Master Edward's tutor, reading, writing and cyphering, and, what to Dennis was as important, he was put under the head gardener for instruction in his art. Master Edward now transferred love for solitary places in the garden. His only pleasure, beyond the reach of his mother's loved and tender voice, was working beside Dennis in the flower beds. Time did not lighten the burden of life to the poor child; as he grew older, his mind became dimmer, and his body feebler. He was always leaning on Dennis, or limping after him, and seemed to love the presence of the bright, strong, boy as a plant loves the sunshine.

At the period when our history of the O'Moores and Rooneys begins, the three sisters of Dennis had married and gone to America, loaded with favors and presents from Sir Philip and Lady Ellen. Dennis had manifested no disposition to join them. He was quite contented with the service he was in, and never left the castle but to visit the O'Moores. 'And why do you always go there, and never to fairs, or wakes, or merry-makings of any kind?'—asked Lady Ellen. Dennis looked straight up, and straight down—he looked one side, and the other—he looked sheepish—in short, he looked every way but in his mistress's face, as he replied, 'Sure my lady has seen Rosy O'Moore.' Sure my lady had, and, with a woman's quick wit, she read the whole history of Dennis' heart. After a little consideration, she told him so; drew from him a full disclosure of all his wishes and dawning plans, and promised to forward them by giving Rosy an eligible place at the castle. That Dennis should ever leave it while Master Edward lived, was out of the question, Lady Ellen said, and Dennis assented, for he felt himself bound there not only by Edward's dependence upon him, but by his gratitude for the multiplied favors heaped on him and his family by Sir Philip and Lady Ellen.

A week had passed since he had seen Rosy. In the next half hour after his communication with Lady Ellen he was on his way to the cottage. Rosy, who always knew when it was Dennis that knocked, opened the door for him. The flush of welcome, or the blush that overspread her cheek when Dennis kissed it, soon passed away, and he observed that she was paler and less cheerful than usual.

'Sure, Dennis,' said the mother, 'these have been the longest days of the year that you have been staying away from us.'

'Indeed and that's true,' replied Dennis, glancing at Rosy, 'hours are minutes here, and minutes are hours away from you.'

'Oh, it's getting darker than we ever saw it yet, Dennis.' Dennis started. 'Is it O'Moore that's been to the castle to day?' continued the old woman.

'No.'

'Nor Dan, nor Pat, nor Tommy?'

'Not one of them.'

'Then the news—bad luck to it—is yet to tell.'

Dennis was confounded. He fancied he only had news to tell, and resolving not to have that interfered with, he turned from the mother and asked Rosy to walk down the green lane with him. Rosy tied on a snow-white apron, threw her little cloak over her shoulders, and they went out together. The sentiment of the humble, like the diseases of childhood, is simple, uncomplicated, and little varying in its symptoms. 'Thanks to you, Rosy, dear,' said Dennis, 'is it now to ask 'do you love me?' Rosy only sighed in reply. 'Sure that question was asked as long ago as we can remember?'

'And answered just as long ago—was it not Dennis?'

'Sure, sure it was, Rosy, and we have been as good as one ever since, having but one heart between us—troth plighted and all, and so, Rosy, dear, but why are you so dark?—you send chills to the very soul of me.' Rosy burst into tears. 'Oh, speak, Rosy, if trouble has come to you, have not I a right to the better half of it?' Dennis' arm was round Rosy's waist, and Rosy pressed the hand that was on her heart, but she could not utter a word. Dennis wiped off the tears with Rosy's apron, saying, 'there, my life, don't send any more after them! I have news to tell you that will drive away all sorrow; sunshine to melt away all clouds, Rosy; if one door is shut another is opened.' And he proceeded to communicate the sure and near prospect that lady Ellen's kindness had opened to them. Poor Rosy's sadness deepened at every word, and, when he had finished she covered her face and sobbed out, 'It cannot be; it cannot be; Dennis, it can never be.' Dennis, alarmed and confounded, was rather relieved when he found out the real lion in the way; and after a little soothing and cheering, Rosy began to feel that there was still twilight above her horizon. She had communicated the following facts:

It seems that James O'Moore had been long vainly struggling against the current of hard times. With all the indulgence of his landlord, it was hard for him to pay his rent; and his boys, now grown up to be capable and industrious, had no work to do. Emigration is the great national resource of Ireland. O'Moore's relations and friends on every side, were going to America, and sending home letters and remittances, for those left behind. A few days before O'Moore had received letters from the husbands of Dennis sisters. They were still in Canada, where they heard the most tempting accounts of the facilities for settlers on the new lands in the United States, and vehemently urged O'Moore to come out, with his sons and join them. O'Moore was an impulsive and determined man; qualities that do not often go together. Forseeing opposition from the women, he imparted his plan to his boys only. They joyfully concurred with him. He made fortunate arrangements for the sale of such effects as must be left behind him, and on the morning of this day, he told his wife and daughter that, in one week, they must be riding on the salt water.

Rosy listened as she would have listened to a sentence of death, and, turning from her father, she sunk down on a chair pale and motionless. Her mother understood her child's feelings, and after her own surprise and shock had a little subsided, she said, 'Sure, Jemmy O'Moore it's for the good of your boys, I have not long to bide it; I cannot learn to stand alone in my old age.'

'Alone! will not we be on every side of you?'

'Not she that I most lean on. I have always had something to lean upon since I first lay upon my mother's bosom; when she was taken, then it was my poor father's, then it was you Jemmy, and now is it not Rosy that's my prop—my rest and comfort by night and by day?'

'And, God helping me, will still be, mother,' said Rosy, dropping on to the floor at her mother's feet and laying her head on her lap.

'Ah, my darling, is it not you that're promised, and, as I left all for your father, so you must leave all for Dennis—this is the thorny way of life that Providence has marked out with his own finger.'

'Now this is just woman's way,' interposed Jemmy, 'flying off in the clouds, instead of walking in the beaten road before you. What the devil signifies blurring your eyes, Rosy?—can't Dennis come with us?'

'Never, never, father; he is duty-bound to Master Edward. *It's the nearest duty we must do.* I'll go with you, mother—I will, and I'll say never a word against Dennis' doing God's bidding, and all that is possible to serve Master Edward. Should I, that love him before all things, stand between him and his duty?'

And to this noble resolution Rosy adhered, at first with struggling sighs and bitter tears, and afterward with a stronger and more cheerful resignation.

How wisely and how beautifully Providence has interwoven the reciprocal relations of the rich and poor! Money could not buy, but it might reward such service as Dennis.' The sickly child of fortune was his dependent, and he was bound to the generous benefactors of his family by ties far stronger than any chains ever forged. Lady Ellen was sure her son would pine away and die, if Dennis left him; and so he probably would have done; and a man less true and constant to duty than Dennis might have questioned whether a life so feeble and profitless were worth preserving at such a cost. But there were no such questions in Dennis' clear mind. He threw his love, and longings to go with Rosy, into one scale, and his duty into the other, and that preponderating, the thing was settled.

The lovers parted. Rosy came with her family to America, and Dennis remained in the service of Master Edward at the castle. They were too young, and too strong of heart, to part without hope. 'Be sure, Rosy, be sure,' were almost Dennis' last words, 'that poor Master Edward's shattered frame cannot stand it long, and, when it pleases God to take him to His peace, I will be after you, as fast as winds and sails can bring me.'

Flowers have bloomed on our prairies, and passed away, from age to age, unseen by man, and multitudes of virtues have been acted out in obscure places, without note of admiration. The sweetness of both has gone up to heaven.

The O'Moores joined the Kellys; Dennis' brothers-in-law; at Montreal. The limit assigned to this slight sketch of their fortunes, does not permit our detailing, step by step, their progress; led on—as such wanderers are—by chance advice, and chance acquaintance, and the hope of casting off old burdens, and gaining new advantages, they reached Illinois, and there squatted on some new land, about six miles from the thriving little town of Clifton. To reach this point, all the O'Moore's convertible property had been turned into money, and the money was nearly expended. The golden cloud that, to the poor emigrant's eyes, rests over this western world, had till now, gone before them, and now, at the very point where they hoped it would stand still it melted away. The fate of 'the best laid scheme o' mice and men' hung over our Irish friends. The first season, James O'Moore took the fever of the country, and died. His eldest son, finding that harder work than he had done at home met with smaller present returns, was disheartened and disgusted, and he quitted the land, and went to work on a railroad. Patrick, left to labor alone—for Thomas, the youngest, had remained in Ireland, to fulfil a year's engagement—was discouraged and was laid by with the fever, whose first victims the disheartened are. The Rooneys extended all the kindness in their power to our friends—they had difficulties of their own. The life of a settler is, at best, a life of hardship and endurance—emphatically a struggling life.

The second spring opened gloomily on the O'Moores. Patrick could just crawl from his bed to the fire, his days being varied only by chills and no chills. His poor mother was like an old tree dying of transplantation, an unwise movement for an old subject. Rosy did her best with kind words, hopeful suggestions, smiles and ends of songs—her tears she kept to herself. Many a tear she shed, when there was no light in the hut but that of the smouldering log. They were all, in truth, pining with home-sickness. The Irish are often ridiculed, or condemned, for vaunting the comfortable homes they left behind them. 'The Almighty knows,' say they, 'what we've come here for, we were a dale better off at home!'—This is false in word but true in feeling. Their earnest affections take possession of their memories, and efface all but that which made the happiness of their birthplace, and childhood's home. There, in perpetual freshness, are the joys of youth; the associations of song and story are there—there, in golden light, all the bright passages of life—its pleasant acquaintanceships, and sparkling incident. And there, those ministers of suffering, trial, superstition, even death itself,—have their root of sorrow plucked out, and become ministering angels—messengers from another world. Who ever looked back upon home, through the vista of time, or the wide space of distance,—and saw anything but light and beauty there? Surely, then, the poor Irish may be pardoned the hallucinations of their filial love.

Dame O'Moore's widowed and sinking heart turned to Thomas. Many a weary month had come and gone since any tidings had reached them from Ireland. At last came a newspaper, forwarded by a friend in Montreal, giving an account of the wreck of a packet that had left Liverpool, on a certain day, with an unusual number of emigrants. The paper contained an imperfect list of the passengers, and among them was Thomas O'Moore. 'And sure it's Tommy!' said the old woman, 'as I look at it I see it's Tommy's own name, and no other.

'But mother dear,' said Rosy, who could find a ray of light gleaming where all was darkness to her mother's dulled vision, 'all County Cork is full of O'Moores, and are there not six Thomas O'Moores, cousins to us, or something that way, besides our own Tommy?'

'Ah, yes—but this is my own—I feel it to be the very marrow of my bones—now look,' she said,—pointing to the printed name, 'it's as like him as his own face. Oh, Rosy, it is he and none other—my heart is broke!' Rosy, in spite of having a weight of sorrow, of which her mother was ignorant, in the intervals of adjusting the old woman's pillows, and administering a cup of hot, fresh tea, contrived to let a ray of hope into her drooping spirits. The day was bright, and, when the little cabin began to have the air of comfort that neatness and order give, even where there is poverty and sickness, Rosy proposed walking to Clifton to see if there was not a letter in the post office.

'That's my own darling,' said her mother; 'it was the night I was dreaming of roasted potatoes, and that's a sign of a letter's coming—old blind Barry 'twas told me of the sign, when Pat his son was away to the Indies. But, Rosy, dear, where's the money to pay for the same?'

'Is there not a shilling, mother, left of the last pound of ten?'

'Ah, no, Rosy, that same went to Clifton for the last vial of mixture. I would no rob you, darling, but sure a letter would be better to us all than gold. There's the gold piece Dennis—God ever ever bless him—gave you at parting.'

'Mother, what for would I tell you in that dark hour and you sick, but sure it was the gold piece I paid for father's coffin, to quiet his dear soul. Could he rest easy, the thing not paid for, and his own dear child, having gold in her purse?'

'It's all right, Rosy, love; the blessings of the dead and living on you! If there should be a letter! Pat, Boy, is there ne'er a shilling at the bottom of your empty purse?'

'Na, na, mother, groaned Pat from the chair,—where he sat cowering over the coals; 'my last shilling went to the pedlar—bad luck to him for the fever pills.'

'Oh, mother dear, interrupted Rosy, 'it's a lucky thought the same I have. She pulled from her bosom a shilling, suspended to a threadbare ribbon, from which its original rose color had long been washed out. 'Sure I never thought of this being money—it was *a love token* we called it. It was when you and I and Dennis went to the fair—he bought this ribbon and tied it round my neck you remember, mother—it was my seventh birth day—I'll scarce know myself without it—but I'll not scruple parting with it to bring you the comfort of a letter—so kiss it for luck's sake, mother, my dear.'

Her mother kissed the love-token, and kissed her good child, and poured out a shower of tears, as she said, 'God Almighty's blessing rest on you, as it does, and ever will, for you've kept all His laws, and crowned them all with honoring father and mother—so you've His sure word that these black days will lighten up, and be long and bright to the last, in the land that the Lord thy God giveth thee. God speed ye my darling!'

The blessings, the very effluence of well performed duties, fell, like dew drops from Heaven on Rosy's spirit, and filled it with cheerful expectations. She changed her working dress for a holiday suit, and, having arranged becomingly her fine dark hair, she looked at herself with pardonable complacency, for no drawing room mirror ever reflected a sweeter face than was given back by the little bit of broken, triangular glass, by which she tied on a pretty straw hat. 'Rosy,' said her mother, 'your mourning bonnet, child!' A crape bonnet, of her own fashioning, was the only badge of mourning Rosy had been able to obtain. 'There's no luck under a black bonnet, mother, dear,' said Rosy, 'so this once I'll leave it behind—the weed is on my heart all the same.' So again kissing her mother, and giving Patrick a farewell pat on the shoulder, she set forth on her six miles walk to the Clifton Post Office.

She called at the shanties of the sisters of Dennis, to ask if they had any money to send for letters. No, they had no money, and no expectation of letters. They expected their husbands from Buffalo, in a fortnight's time, and if Rosy would wait, they would then give her enough to pay for the letters that all Ireland would send her. Wait a fortnight! thought Rosy, as she definitely shook her head to their proposition. It was an affair in which the waiting of a 'thousandth part of a minute' could not be voluntarily brooked.

But our readers are not yet acquainted with all the reasons of poor Rosy's eagerness for a letter. It was not only that she might know her brother's fate, but she had learned, by her last despatch from Dennis, that master Edward's health was rapidly declining, and Dennis said, if the poor young man died—'God forgive him for writing the same'—before Thomas sailed, he—Dennis—should go out in the ship with him. Rosy had no doubt that the Thomas O'Moore mentioned among the passengers in the wrecked ship from Liverpool was really her brother. It had sailed sooner than Dennis anticipated, and her reason told her that there was scarcely a chance that he was in her, but on that chance hung all her happiness. A longer interval than had before elapsed between his letters had now passed, and if he were not in the fated ship, she felt sure of finding a letter from him in the Clifton post office. Sure, when a great good is at stake, with what fearful rapidity the mind calculates chances! how rapidly the pendulum vibrates!

Rosy pursued her walk for three miles, without passing a human habitation. She then passed near the comfortable farmhouse of an eastern settler. The wife of the proprietor was a city bred lady, from one of the Atlantic states, but, in common with her poorer neighbors, she had to suffer the inconveniences of a new country residence. Her husband was absent and she too expected letters, and now called Rosy in to ask her to inquire for her. 'I will give you half a dollar,' she said, 'for it may be a double letter.' Rosy took the half a dollar and promised to execute the commission. As she left the house the possibility that she too might have a double letter occurred to her, and though the poor little love token—the English shilling*—was of inestimable value, it would not be so rated by the postmaster. Rosy paused. 'I will ask Mrs Johnston to lend me the money—how can I, she a stranger?—yes I will.' She retraced her steps, and proposed to the lady the possible contingency of there being a double letter for herself, and none for Mrs Johnston. 'In that case ma'am,' asked Rosy, hesitatingly, 'might I just borrow a bit of your money?'

'Certainly, yes, but stop a moment,' it cannot be, she said to herself, poor people never write double letters, my purse is very low, there is no saying when Mr Johnston will be at home, every penny counts—'no my girl,' she concluded aloud, 'you will have no occasion for my money, I am sure; I am sorry I cannot oblige you, but, if you find no letter for me, I had rather you would bring my half dollar back;' and when Rosy turned away, her face dyed with disappointment and mortification at having made the request, the mistaken lady thought, 'It was well I refused her. *She'll* have no double letter, and then the money would have been taken for something else and I should not have been the wiser. The Irish have always a lie ready.'

'Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn.'

Oh what a pity that life should be marked by wasted opportunities of small kindnesses! Striking occasions and great deeds fall to the lot of few, but the humblest has every day an opportunity to do some little favor, to speak a kind word or forbear a harsh one, to cheer with a smile or withhold a frown; to do something in virtual obedience to the blessed command, 'bear ye one another's burdens.'

If recording angels do wait on men's deeds, it is over the blank pages, we fancy, that most tears are dropped. Mrs Johnston turned to her affairs quite unconscious of the wrong she had done, for the Irish were out of the pale of her sympathies; and our little friend pursued her way, stopping only once to rest by the road side, where she took Dennis' last letter from her bosom and read it over, for the hundred thousandth time, with smiles and tears. She arrived at Clifton, a half an hour after the eastern mail had come in. The arrival of a mail in a country town, is the great event of the day; but nowhere does it produce such a sensation as in one of our western settlements, for there are members of families newly sent out from their birthplaces, their fibres still trembling with the disruption from the parent stock—there are exiles from the old world, too, their pulses still answering to every beat of the old heart at home, there are the most anxious speculators, and there—if there be any gradations on this scale—the greediest politicians. The Clifton post office was in one extremity of a large store, whose proprietor was postmaster. There were two entrances to this semicivilized establishment, one large door from the main street, 'Broadway,' and the other a narrow door, from a narrow side street, little used; the great flux and reflux being through the main door. Rosy fell into a tide entering here. Her heart beat quick with fear, and hope, and she began, as she afterwards said, to feel a choking, as if there was a whole loaf of bread in her throat. She was unconscious that she was stared at on the right hand and on the left, and quite indifferent to the audible exclamations which her beauty called forth. The store was already full of people, all men; for our chary womankind do not reckon it a feminine service to go to the post office, being afraid, as one of their witty punsters once said, 'of seeming to run after the *males!*'

The great men of Clifton (Clifton has its great men) were gathered round a table, on which Peter Smith, the Postmaster, was depositing the newspapers, letters and parcels as he drew them from the deep abyss of the great leathern bag. The postmaster was a man of short stature and spare body, with a weazle face and eyes glowing like a rat's. He felt the importance of holding the wheel of destiny for the community of Clifton—of being the oracle to announce the voice of the Divinities at Washington—the herald of all the news, foreign and domestic, and the medium of all the good and evil tidings that came to Clifton. Some people are said to have the gift to see into a millstone. This was nothing to Peter Smith's gifts to see into a letter—to read it by managing the key of its superscription. But this required time. Champolion could not read hieroglyphics at a glance. The letters to the chief dignitaries of Clifton were thrown down on the table and caught up at once, but missives to humbler persons, viewed and reviewed, while Peter thought to himself, or murmured to a village gossip, as he threw one after another down, 'Slam has got his answer from the land office, at last—short and *not* sweet, I can tell him! Ah, news from the scamp Lafflin!' and then a chuckle; 'the widow will have another chance!'

By this time, a little boy had made his way to the table and asked bashfully, 'if there was any letter for grandf'er?'

'Grandfather! who's your grandfather? Oh, I know—Anson Valet—wait a minute—yes—where is your money for the postage?'

The little fellow drew nearer, and frightened by being observed, he dropped his head and hesitated—

'Speak out; have you got the money or not, shaver?—a cash article, a letter at this post office?'

'Grandf'er is sick, sir, and he has not got any money left; but we expect there's some in that letter from father, sir.'

'You and grandf'er must take it out in expectation, my lad, this is a single letter—marked so, and I'm sure of it—they can't cheat me,' he continued, fingering the letter, 'if they do the down easters. It will keep till called for, my boy; there are fifty others there to keep it company; waiting till their owners can get money to pay for them.'

The poor child's tears dropped on to the floor and losing his bashfulness in stronger feeling he said, 'I *know* there's a bank bill in it, for father promised to send it.'

A gentleman who had taken half a dozen franked letters from the table, with a score of newspapers, was awaiting the change of half a dollar; his attention was arrested by the little boy's tremulous voice, and compassionating his hard case, he said to Peter Smith, 'Give the poor child his letter, and let the balance of my half dollar pay for it.'

'Oh, thank you, sir,' said the boy as he took the letter. 'But I *know* the bill is in it—won't you please to open the letter, sir, and see?'

The gentleman broke open the letter, and to the infallible Peter's infinite mortification, the bank note was there.

'I knew father would send it,' said the boy in a tone of irrepressible exultation. 'Won't you please take the money out of it, sir, that you paid for the letter?'

'No, my little fellow, carry the note home unbroken to your grandf'er. I have got my money's worth.'

Could one pierce into the sacred treasury in the heart, one might see how much richer the gentleman was by his spent money than Mrs Johnston by the same sum saved!

All this while our poor little friend Rosy was an impatient and most attentive observer. While she modestly waited for an opportunity to approach the postmaster, without pushing her way through the croud that surrounded him, she looked with fear and dismay at the masses of newspapers, fearing that her poor little letter, if she had one among them would share the fate of the needle in the haymow. It so happened that the member from Clifton county had been making a speech in Congress on the Bankrupt Law, and he had forwarded to his constituents not less than 50 newspapers containing this precious effusion, and half as many letters to his particular friends, filled with the gossip of Washington. There were a few papers of the best order, and any number of Atlasses, Transcripts, Suns and Heralds, besides some roods of Brother Jonathans and New Worlds. After these had been for the most part delivered, and the crowd ebbed, Rosy approached the table and modestly inquired if there were any letter for the O'Moores, but now the postmaster was lost in the politician. A hot discussion was begun on the Bankrupt Law, in which all were interested as parties, or creditors of parties, and Rosy repeated her inquiry thrice, before she was listened to, and then Peter Smith replied crabbedly, 'Can't you wait a minute child?' and grumbled, 'pests—these Irish!' Rosy did wait 5 minutes at least, endless minutes they seemed to her, for she had the weight of her own anxieties and the burden of her poor mother and sick brother on her spirit. She then said 'It's my mother, sir, would thank ye to look if there's a letter for Rosy O'Moore, or any of her people?'

Smith either did not, or affected not to hear, till a person who stood near interposed, saying 'I: is too bad Smith, I'll look over the letters myself for the poor girl if you don't.' Peter turned pettishly round, and shuffling over a parcel of letters he paused at one—

'That's mine!' exclaimed Rosy involuntarily, as she recognized the hand at the first glance at the superscription. She blushed at the sound of her own raised voice, and extended her English shilling, her 'love token,' her hand trembling with eagerness—

'Not so fast, sweetheart,' said Peter, 'this is a double letter, and so you must double your money to get it.'

'Double my money!' said poor Rosy, 'indeed, sir, I cannot—I have not another penny—and it's six miles I have walked for the same, sure sir.'

'And you must walk six miles back without it if you can't pay the price of it. No cash, no letter, is the rule here, as every body knows,' and he was turning to replace the letter in the grave of the pigeonhole when Rosy laid hold of his arm.

'For the love of heaven, sir,' said she, 'give me the letter; my old mother at home is perishing for news from Thomas, her youngest, that was wrecked in the Nancy.'

'And this letter comes from Tommy, from the bottom of the sea, does it?'

'It comes from one who may give us news of him,' said Rose with dignity, the color again mounting into her cheek, which had become deadly pale at the thought of losing the letter. 'Oh, please sir, let me look at the outside of it.'

Peter Smith vouchsafed to permit her to take the letter into her hands. The superscription was in Dennis' well known hand—a fine legible character—

'Miss Rose O'Moore—Clifton Post-office—Illinois—United States of America.'

'Can't you read it? it's as plain as print,' said Peter Smith. Rosy's eye did not read, it devoured every letter, and tear after tear dropped upon it. The good natured man who had interposed to procure the letter was now fumbling in every pocket, and turning his purse inside and out, to make up the deficit, but in vain—there is many a man of substance in our western states who has not money enough to pay a letter's postage. 'It is too bad he said, I see this going on here every day. Here comes this cavern of a mail bag filled with all manner of trash; speeches not worth a groat and letters worth less, brought all the way from Washington with the frank of some poor devil of a congressman who had better be planting potatoes at home—why should his letters be free, and these poor emigrants pay a quarter of a dollar for a single sheet? who are thirsting for a word of news from their old homes—who in their hard toil and hard fare, look forward for a letter to cheer and sustain them, who think of it by day and by night, and when it comes—their manna in the wilderness—it is loaded with a postage they cannot pay, an unrighteous, infamous tax it is.'

'Well is that my business?' asked Peter.

'No—but it is the fault of our congressmen, who spend their time in party squabbles, in doing harm and undoing good, instead of working for the benefit of the people who pay for them. Year after year we have a report in favor of the reduction of postage, and there is the end of it—not a finger is stirred to remove the burden. It makes my blood boil to see these newspapers brought here for three cents each from New York and Boston, big enough some of them, to cover a prairie, and in multitudes like the plague of frogs, and here this poor child cannot get a letter her heart is breaking for without paying 50 cents—tell your friends to print their letters, my girl! Ah, these politicians shall answer for these heart wrenches, man by man—there are no accounts with double consciences—no open books with congressmen—they must answer as fathers, brothers, and sons for this permitted wrong.'

'Rosy, who had but half heard and half understood this phillipic, started forward, saying, 'Oh, pray sir, let me have the letter with me; I'll leave my cloak and bonnet for a pledge.' She untied them both, and threw them on the table. 'Sure to you, they are worth more than the letter.'

'It's against the rule,' said Peter somewhat softened 'to take any thing but cash.'

'But I'll bring the cash; indeed I will; the Kellys are coming in one fortnight; and then surely I'll bring it.'

'Oh yes, no doubt; the Kellys are always coming, I'll keep the letter safe for you, child, till their arrival: hand it over.'

We have noticed that there was a small door, which entered the shop from a narrow street on one side of the building. At the moment Rosy threw down her hat and cloak, there appeared, at that door, a traveller just arrived in Clifton. His dress had that air of comfort and adaption which is rather characteristic of the old country, and he had the robust frame and high colored cheek that marks the recent comer from a healthier land than our new countries. He had paused on the door step, and was regarding the scene with an interest very unlike that of a careless stranger. Rosy's back was toward him, but at every word she spoke his color heightened, and his eye flashed fire at Peter Smith's command to 'hand the letter over.' And when to this Rosy replied vehemently, 'That will I never—ye may keep the hat and cloak forever, but the letter ye shall never touch again!' She turned to escape with her treasure—her eye met the stranger's—she shrieked—he sprung forward and caught her in his arms. With both her arms clapsed around his neck, (this was not a moment for any consciousness but the blissful one of the presence of her lover,) Rosy held her head back, as if to assure herself of the reality of the vision, and then murmuring, 'It is you, Dennis—it is!' her head fell back on his bosom, and there she laughed and cried irrepressibly. There was not a dry eye on one of the hard faces about her, and it was afterwards averred that even Peter Smith was betrayed into a little snuffling sympathy.

The zealous advocate of the postage reform seemed the first to recover his self possession. He gallantly threw Rosy's cloak around her, and offering her hat, he said in a low tone of voice 'Perhaps, my child, now you have the living letter, you'll leave the written one.'

'Sure, I'd like to keep it, and yet,' she added in a lower tone of voice to Dennis, 'I would better like to get back my love-token—'tis the English shilling you gave me, Dennis, that I paid him.' Dennis comprehended, and redeemed the love token with a crown, desiring the postmaster to reserve the balance for the first poor Irish emigrant who had not the wherewith to pay for a letter.

We part with our friends at the dawning of a bright day. Dennis had brought news of Thomas safety. He was already in New York, whither Dennis proposed to convey Rosy and her family. Master Edward's tribulations were over. He had left Dennis a legacy which would enable him to establish himself in the art and craft of gardening in the neigborhood of New York city, where with Rosy to keep his house, Patrick and Thomas to dig for him, and good old Dame O'Moor to sort his seed, Dennis felt that he had taken for happiness

'A bond of fate,
And made assurance doubly sure.

* All our readers may not know that an English shilling is about twenty-five cents.

PROPOSALS

FOR PUBLISHING a Monthly Periodical, to be called THE CHILD'S FRIEND; designed for families and Sunday Schools; Conducted by Eliza L. Follen.

The plan of the 'Child's Friend' is similar to that of the 'Christian Teacher's Manual,' published in 1828. This work is intended to aid teachers and to be at the same time interesting and instructive to children. It aspires to become truly the Child's Friend, helping him to learn from all that is within and around him the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, that wrong doing produces discord and misery, that life is a continued school time, and that wisdom and virtue and the peace they bring are the true holydays of life. It would lead him to study the character and enter into the heart of Jesus till he grows into his likeness and blesses him as the Savior of his soul.

Our views upon methods of instruction are best explained by a quotation from the preface to the work above referred to. 'In our remarks on the method of religious instruction, we shall be guided by the general principle that every plan of education is good and true, only so far as it is founded on human nature; that accordingly the first duty of a religious instructor is to study the nature of childhood. We wish to show the truth and the importance of the idea that childhood besides it being a preparation for future stages of life has an importance of its own as well as every other period of human existence. The peculiarity of infant nature is evident in every action of the child, in its feelings, thoughts and expressions; and every plan of education must fail if it be not adapted to this peculiar character of childhood. We therefore wish to impress all those who undertake the guidance of the infant mind with a sincere and tender regard for the sacred rights of infant nature, according to the words and example of Him, who said 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' In stating what materials we shall use in this little work, we must again quote from the same authority. 'We shall select our subjects from the word and the works of God. We shall recur to the real world and that of fiction, for such topics as seem to be best adapted to lead the minds of children to the knowledge and love of the universal Father.'

The 'Child's Friend' will be published on the 1st of every Month, commencing in October next, each No. to contain 36 pages, 12 mo., printed on fine paper and good type, making 2 vols. a year, with Title Page and Index, of 220 pages each.

Terms—One Dollar and Fifty Cents Per Annum, payable in advance, or 4 copies to one address for Five Dollars.

Clergymen, Superintendants of Sunday Schools and all others interested in the subject of Education, are respectfully requested to render such aid as may be in their power to promote the circulation of the work.

Subscriptions Received by WILLIAM CROSBY & CO., No 118 Washington street. j8

THE PNEUMATIC SHOWER BATH,

PRICE $1.50.

INVENTED, Manufactured and for sale by N. WATERMAN, at his Furnishing Rooms, 85 Cornhill, 6 Brattle st. and 72 Court st.

The above in connection with his Bathing Pan, is just the thing for all who desire the luxury of a daily Bath, (warm or cold) for the following cogent reasons, viz: It is portable, occupies little room, requires a small quantity of water, and costs but little money.

Catalogues of his extensive assortment of Family Wares furnished to all who may honor him with a call.

Those on the eve of house-keeping will find this establishment peculiarly adapted to their wants.

☞ Families, Hotels, Steamboats and Packet Ships, furnished with every thing appertaining to the Kitchen department. a29

FRUIT OF THE VINE.

GRAPE SYRUP for Communion—The subscriber has imported under the directions given by Rev. Isaac Bird, late Missionary in Syria, Grape Juice in the form of Syrup—one Bottle will make one gallon of wine—Price, $1,00 per bottle—for sale at the Temperance Rooms, No 9 Cornhill, and at store No 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

f25 3m ABEL SPAULDING.

BOOTS! BOOTS!! A large assortment of Gents Calf Sew'd and Peg'd Boots, may be found at low prices, at BELL'S, 155 Washington st. a5

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DANIELL & CO, wholesale and retail dealers in DRY GOODS, No. 201 Washington st., Boston.

Silks, Linens, Shawls, Alepines, Quilts, Blankets, Cottons, Flannels, House-Keeping Articles, and Mourning Goods.

Our Customers are assured that we still adhere strictly to

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Every article is marked at a small profit, and no salesman is permitted to deviate from the Fixed Price either way. a15

WINDLASS BEDSTEADS,

AND ORNAMENTAL FURNITURE.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF SWELLED BEAM WINDLASS BEDSTEADS,

Constantly on hand and made to order, at lower prices, according to quality, than can be purchased at any other place in the city. For sale at the manufactory of JOSEPH L. ROSS, corner of Hawkins and Ivers streets.

Also, Ornamental or Painted and Gilt Furniture, in sets for Chambers, executed in a superior style and finish, according to any pattern ordered. m27

DENTAL SCIENCE.—The present age is emphatically one of scientific research and improvements, and perhaps in point of value, for the alleviation of human suffering, none can exceed the discovery of DR. STOCKING, SURGEON DENTIST, in the anodyne, prepared by him, for the purpose of destroying the nerves of the teeth. To render this remedy effectual, it is only necessary to make one application of it; and in 24 hours the vitality of the nerve and lining membrane of the tooth will be completely destroyed, without producing the slightest pain or inconvenience; so that it can be immediately filled and made useful for many years, instead of being extracted as a troublesome and useless organ. Those caustics and cauterizing instruments commonly resorted to by Dentists, for the purpose of destroying the nerves of teeth, produce such excruciating pain for at least fifteen hours, that most persons are filled with horror at the thought of such an operation and shrink from it as from the pangs of death.—The diamond cement, which is also the invention of DR. S., is admirably adapted to such cases of defective teeth as will not admit of gold and other kinds of filling; the advantages of which are: it being at first soft, may be more perfectly introduced into the cavity, and then shaped like the original tooth. In a few hours it becomes hard like stone, and renders the tooth capable of doing its portion in the important process of mastication. Among the many thousand cases of painful teeth treated during the past year as above described, Dr. S. can say without fear of contradiction, that not more than one case out of a hundred has proved a failure. These are facts that may occasion surprise—yet in the truth of which the public may have the most implicit confidence. No instruments for extracting teeth that have ever been invented, can equal in perfect adaptation to every conceivable case, the full Parisian set used by Dr. S. Artificial teeth that never change their color, or become offensive, he will set on pivot or gold plate, from a single tooth to a full set, either with or without false gums. Particular and especial attention will be given to filling teeth with the purest gold. Terms: Filling common sized cavities with gold, $1—for filling with cement and other filling 50 cts to $1—setting on pivot, from $1,50 to $2—whole upper set, from $20 to $75—extracting, 25 cts. All operations warranted. Office 266 Washington st, corner of Avon Place, Boston. feb 11

BOSTON ORTHOPEDIC INSTITUTION.

FOR THE TREATMENT of diseases of the Spine, Curvatures of the Spine, Club feet and other deformities.

In this Institution Curvatures of the Spine are particularly attended to. A House in a healthy situation on Mt. Vernon is appropriated to this especial object, and is furnished with every variety of apparatus made use of for curing curvatures of spine and correcting the shape of the female figure. It is superintended by an experienced Matron, who has been over two years in the employ of the institution.

It probably is not generally known, but mothers should be informed that when the shoulders of their daughters grow out and they are one-sided, or one hip is higher than the other, that these deformities are caused by curvature of the spine, and that the earlier they are attended to, the more easily they are corrected and symmetry restored.

Brass or Copper Corslets are never made use of in this Institution, and we think it our duty to say, that we look upon their use as unphilosophical—not at all calculated ever to effect a cure, and destructive to health, by paralyzing the muscles of the back, compressing the chest and all the abdominal organs; consequently suppressing the regular and important functions of nature in the female sex.

J. B. BROWN, MD, Surgeon, office 65 Belknap street.

J. C. Warren, M. D., Geo. Hayward, M. D., J. Mason Warren, M. D., Consulting Surgeons.

Nov. 26. 6m

PEARCE & NICHOLS.

THE subscribers have formed a Copartnership under the firm of PEARCE & NICHOLS, and will continue the Tailoring Business, at the Store formerly occupied by Elias Skinner, Jr., No. 96 Washington street, up stairs, where they hope, by strict attention to business, to secure your patronage.

Their work will be done by the best mechanics and their prices as low, for the same qu